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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

"ONCE ONE IS ONE."

A little urchin, four feet high,
With something sprightly in his eye,
And something saucy in his look,
Who loved his play more than his book,
Was asked to say the "Table" through;
And first he said, "*once one is two.*"

The master smiled, and told him, no;
But still the urchin thought 'twas so;
"For two times two are four," he said,
(This was the logic in his head,)
"And plainly, then, *once one is two;*
I cannot see but that it's true."

The master tried to make it plain,
And said it o'er and o'er again,
"'Tis plain to all, *once one is one,*
And just as clear to me as sun;
One thing is plainly *one* thing, too,
I think it must be plain to you."

But still the urchin had his way,
And, thinking over it, would say,
"It may be clear to you as sun,
And plain to all, *once one is one;*
But's what I never can see through;
It's plain to me *once one is two.*"

* * * * *

Years passed—the boy was twenty-one,
And wedded life had just begun,
When the old master went to be
His pupil's guest, and thought to see
His "better *half*," and whether he
Would still declare he thought it true
By reason that "once one is two."

They met with warm "how do you do;"
The master said, "once one is two;
At least you thought so when at school."
The pupil said, "but now *your* rule
Will just apply, and clear as sun
It is to me, *once one* is ONE." A. H. F.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

WOOING.

BY L'INCONNU.

I'll handle thee tenderly, love, sweet love,
I'll handle thee tenderly;
For they say thou art a capricious thing,
As frail of purpose as fleet of wing—
Then I'll handle thee tenderly, love, sweet love,
If thou wilt abide with me.

Oh, where is thy residence, love, sweet love?
Come, tell the secret to me,
And I'll woo thee there 'mid the music and bloom,
'Mid the sunshine that gladdens thy life, to come
And make thy dwelling with me, sweet love,
And make thy dwelling with me.

Thou art all in all to my heart, sweet love,
Thou art all in all to me;
Life's coveted treasure, for even the pains
That must hold thee bound at my feet in chains,
But render thee dearer to me, sweet love,
But render thee dearer to me.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

JOHN GLENNY,

OF PLEASANT VALLEY.

A TALE.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY MRS. TAMAR DAVIS.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

"A daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her native home."

Mr. Holcomb had visited Pleasant Valley with a double purpose. He wished to see his sister; he wished likewise to find his daughter.

"My child has been undutiful," he said, feelingly; "she has been ungrateful, yet she is my child, and for her mother's sake I cannot abandon her. She has left home—I presume she didn't care much for leaving. She is so young and hopeful, and Clifford has persuaded her, teaching her, too, that we didn't do enough for her, that she ought to be dressed in silk and wear jewelry, like some great lady. He had made her think, I believe, that we didn't care for her, and that it was not her duty to care for us."

"Poor child, poor child; bitter indeed will be her experience," said old Mrs. Glenny. "The child never prospers who disappoints a parent's wishes, poor child."

"Clifford has been accused of a foul crime," continued Mr. Holcomb. "He made no attempt to rebut the evidence, but fled, carrying with him our poor, deluded child."

Then old Mrs. Glenny spoke; she assured her brother that neither apathy nor indifference had caused her to neglect carrying out his wishes to the utmost. In the first place, she had hesitated because not knowing how to act. In the second, her own deeper affliction had absorbed the memory of the other.

John recollects that another wedding was celebrated simultaneous with his own, that the parties were a strange gentleman and lady, who mistook his bride for another woman. Old Mrs. Glenny recollects the same.

"The date of your wedding?" said Mr. Holcomb.

It was given.

"Amy was absent a week," said Mr. Holcomb. "In that week the date you have named was included, which allows room for conjecture, though nothing of positive certainty. However, we will look into the affair; perhaps your wife may know something of that gentleman?"

"I think not," said Glenny. "She declined all recognition of him."

"Could I see her?" inquired Mr. Holcomb.

"I will see," said the mother, and left the apartment. She soon returned with the information that her daughter had a headache, and did not wish to be disturbed. The nurse thought she was in a fever, and that perfect repose was necessary. She could give no explanation, however, of the very singular circumstance that a strange gentleman should address her as the one alluded to had done. Neither was she positive that his business was matrimonial, though they supposed it to be, at the time.

"Suppose we walk over to the Elder's?" said Mr. Holcomb.

They went; that gentleman was at home; Mr. and Miss Smirch absent.

Mr. Holcomb was plain and straightforward in all his words and dealings. He never attempted evasion or equivocation; he always meant just what he said, and neither more nor less. He introduced his business at once.

"My daughter, Sir," he said, after the usual compliments were passed, "My daughter, Sir, a very young girl, a minor, has foolishly consummated a marriage with a villain."

"Very likely," said Beverly, blandly, "but you don't suppose I had anything to do with it?"

"That is the question open to discussion. If she is married, somebody must have married her."

"Of course, somebody must."

"What I wish to ascertain now is who that somebody is."

"I presume so."

Mr. Holcomb waits for a further answer. It becomes evident that waiting will not elicit one. So he goes on:

"I have been told that the very day, nay the very hour, that you married my nephew, here, you likewise married another couple, which circumstance inclines me to believe was my daughter and her deceiver."

"Can you prove that I married another couple at that time, or even on that day?"

Mr. Beverly was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. He was feeling his way carefully, step by step.

"Will you give me your word, as a gentleman and minister of the Gospel, that you did not?"

"That is quite unnecessary, Mr. Holcomb," said Beverly, "you must be aware of that. This interview is of your seeking, not mine. You came here rather unpolitely, I think, certainly very abruptly, and accuse me of infringing your paternal rights by marrying a minor without your knowledge or consent. Now, Sir, this being the case, the burden of the proof rests with you."

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Holcomb had not calculated on such a cool and systematic defence. He knew little of the man with whom he had to deal. He never dreamed of that unscrupulous cunning which had baffled and confounded many with sharper faculties than his own. Mr. Holcomb attempts to offer an apology, and explains the object which he has in view. He wishes to be certain—what father would not?—that his daughter's connexion with this man is an honorable one. Of other existing motives he says nothing, though to the keen perception of Beverly they are transparent as glass.

There is irony and sarcasm in his reply:

"I am astonished," he began, "really astonished, that a man with your apparent good sense and knowledge of the world should be led to adopt a course of conduct which, to me, seems really unwarrantable. How many clerical gentlemen do you design to cross-question and examine? How many do you suppose will submit to be so criticised?"

"Do you not keep a record of marriages?" inquired Holcomb, careless of the manner in which he was kept at bay.

"I did, but it has been either lost or stolen—I incline to the latter opinion. However, that is neither here nor there; I should scarcely deign to furnish you with proofs against myself, even were it in my power."

Beverly saw the advantage of his position; he determined to make the most of it. Holcomb's suspicions, though just, he regarded as an insult and outrage. "The man has no proofs," he said, mentally. "What right has he to suspect? Let him find out all he can, it will be but little."

"That your daughter has been unfortunate in her marital connexion is a subject for commiseration, though I cannot see what bearing the mere fact of her being a minor has upon the case. If a girl of sixteen has not the judgment to take care of herself, I doubt much her ability at twenty. If she is headstrong, ungrateful and regardless of parental authority at that early age, years will increase and give method to her obstinacy. There are other points of view," he continued, "in which this case presents itself. The clergyman who married your daughter was probably ignorant of her age, consequently he is innocent in a moral point of view; still you desire to prosecute him from a malevolent feeling more than any other motive."

"I wish to teach him a lesson, that's true," interrupted Holcomb, with emphasis. "Preachers, now-a-days, will marry anybody. All they seem to care for is the paltry fee; that once secured, it makes no difference whether the parties are of proper age and suitable condition or not."

"If suitability," said Beverly, "was to be made the basis of matrimonial connexions, how many, think you, would be solemnized in a year? Experience has taught me—I believe it teaches most people the same thing—that most of the marriages consummated are by people the most unsuited to each other, and who had far better let each other alone. Three-fourths of the troubles in this life spring, directly or indirectly, from marriage. I scarcely ever marry a couple without thinking that, over the precipice they are leaping, their happiness will be dashed to atoms. Now, I question very much whether your daughter is more to be pitied than thousands who carry an exterior appearance of comfort and satisfaction, so true it is that there is an outside and inside view to every life, and that in too many instances it is like a sepulchre, smooth and fair without, but dead men's bones and rottenness within."

"Then why don't you refuse to solemnize marriages? It would be perfectly consistent with such sentiments."

"Because public opinion approves them—the law enforces them—society demands them—because, more than all, my refusal would signify nothing so long as others could be found ready and willing to supply my place."

"I see," said Holcomb, a little flushed, "there is no use of talking with you."

"I could have told you as much when you first opened the subject."

The gentlemen separated—Holcomb with his suspicions confirmed, and Beverly in a high state of self-gratulation that his diplomacy had so far been attended with success. Further considerations induced Mr. Holcomb to let the matter rest for a time, and he requested his relatives to say no more about it.

CHAPTER XIV.

The world's a stage, and mankind actors.

Heberton obtained the appointment, as might have been foreseen, and simultaneously the domestic establishment of John Glenny received an addition in the person of a maiden lady, called Aunt Lizzie, and somehow connected by marriage with Mrs. Glenny, the younger. The particulars of this connexion it is unnecessary to detail. It was not blood kin, but long habits of association and intimacy between the parties had cemented a union between them, deeper and more lasting than mere ties of blood.

Aunt Lizzie was none of your prim, starched, lathy old maids, upright and stiff as a rail, and not much thicker. Neither had she that piercing look and biding voice so often characteristic of the sisterhood. But her form was full and rounded in good proportions; her countenance open and genial; her eye soft and mild, while her voice had that low, sweet tone which Shakspeare has pronounced so excellent a thing in woman. She was kind, gentle, and exceedingly humane, yet shy and irresolute in manner, and simple in her dress to the utmost limits of plainness. Few, at first sight of her, could have resisted the desire to find out who she was; fewer would have been satisfied with the simple answer that gave her name and place of residence. Perhaps no one would have refrained from the attempt to extract some secret information for themselves from her face or manner; and none, not even the most patient and practised observer, could have succeeded in discovering more than that she had passed through the ordeal of suffering. Much in her manner, more in her countenance, said, plainly as words could say it, "I am the ruin of something once beautiful to behold, a ruin that can never be repaired—that must gradually crumble and moulder unrestored, unrenewed, till the dust is returned to dust." This was the story told in Aunt Lizzie's face—this, and no more. Yet suffering had not hardened her heart or made her misanthropical; on the contrary, she was sensitive and pitiful; you would have known at a glance that she was a very good woman, but no idea of strength of mind or intellectual power could have been associated with her features. Her forehead was low and somewhat retreating, though not unbeautiful; her nose small, delicate, and indicative of inherent weakness, while the brown lashes that shaded her pensive eyes were unusually thick and long. Even the soft, creeping style of her step, and the carriage of her head, pitifully expressed the natural timidity of her disposition. She was easily overawed, readily governed by an energy superior to her own, and it was impossible for any one to make a more loving and faithful friend. Aunt Lizzie had been the step-sister of the younger Mrs. Glenny's mother, who was nearly all her days an invalid, unable to attend to the duties of her household, or to give a mother's care and attention to her child. But the little Emma, with her innocent fancies and winning ways, never suffered from neglect. Aunt Lizzie presided over the household with matronly grace. Aunt Lizzie was mother, sister, instructor to the little girl. Blessed be the children who have an Aunt Lizzie. As they hope for happiness here and hereafter, let them love and honor her.

It was an old-fashioned house, with a large, old kitchen, and ample fire-place, whose jambs of brown stone were smooth as glass with many knives that had been sharpened there, and many fingers that have clung there. There was a wide, broad hearth, worn by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful" and walked in the green pastures and by the still waters. There are andirons, old andirons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. The tongs stand in the corner, old fellows, ugly and useful, wherewith so many coals have been grasped to light candles that were to preside over the evening meal, illuminate the sacred page, or show the round of happy, joyous faces; the shovel, too, wherewith the glowing embers have been so often drawn out, or with which the sleepy logs have been stirred till the sparks flew upwards as if a forge were in a blast below, while the children wished they had so many lambs, or marbles, or other things alluring to their fancy, and those of larger growth indulged the same feelings, but changed the object to golden guineas. There is a pile of work on the stand—garments cut out and ready to be made—there are balls of yarn for knitting—there is a big wheel in the chamber, and a loom in the shop. There are chests full of linen, and yarn, and quilts of rare pattern, and samplers in frames.

And everywhere, and always, appears the face of Aunt Lizzie. She is the presiding, the operating spirit—never for a moment idle, never for a moment uselessly employed. The pale countenance of the invalid is ever smiling and peaceful; she has resigned everything to Lizzie; she answers every question with "ask Lizzie," and her patient trust has been well repaid.

Emma scarcely knew when her mother died, so well was her place supplied by Aunt Lizzie. She missed the invalid from her accustomed seat, and that was all she missed. But she knew that Aunt Lizzie's eyes took a softer and more hallowed expression, that she seemed, if possible, gentler and kinder to her.

The next year the father died, after executing a will in which all his little property was left to Lizzie for the use and behoof of his child. They rented a little cottage on the outskirts of a pleasant village, and Lizzie took in sewing, not because she was necessitated, but the business of her life was to earn and save for her darling. The chests of linen and flannel were preserved with the greatest care, and every year made an addition to them; Lizzie quietly remarking to her neighbors, "Emma may want them some time, and I have no aim in life but caring for her."

The time had been when Aunt Lizzie could not have said that. She had known the hopes and anticipations of youth. But her idol had been broken before her eyes, the sweet waters of her affection had been turned to gall and bitterness. She had experienced days and nights of intense and fearful anguish; at last the storm passed over, leaving her sky clear and beautiful. She had learned in whom to put her trust; she had come to the shadow of that great rock in a weary land, and the peace that passeth understanding was her reward.

With every circumstance of Emma's life, Aunt Lizzie was perfectly familiar. Much, very much, she regretted, and still more pitied, but so beautiful was her patience and charity, that she found an excuse for every weakness. "Emma was a good little girl," she would say, "but the tempter came—ah me!" and the sentence was never finished.

CHAPTER XV.

"Simon, son of Jona, lovest thou me more than these?"—*Bible.*

Despite her derelictions from filial obedience, Emma Glenny certainly loved Aunt Lizzie better than anybody else, excepting her child. In Aunt Lizzie she found a repository for all her secrets, and the old lady would as soon have thought of committing suicide as betraying a fault of her daughter to public odium. And now she had two to love. Never was infant so petted and fondled as the little Sarah by her grandmothers. Why not give the title to Lizzie? Is giving birth what constitutes the mother, or is it not rather the exercise of fostering care and attention, of affectionate sympathy, and the disposition to cherish, nourish and preserve the life that otherwise had better never been given.

Yet her love was not of the kind that induces only happiness and repose. It was blent with trembling anxiety and apprehension of evil; she never caressed the child without a sigh; it was impossible. She never sang over its cradle, like old Mrs. Glenny did. She never congratulated either parent on its birth. She had, too, such a strange way of looking at it—such a deep, earnest gaze, as if her very soul went out in the trembling intensity of a devotion that longed, oh, how earnestly, to guard its beloved from the impending evil it foresaw, yet was powerless to avert. With Emma, her manner was still more singular; it could not be defined, but its main tendency seemed to be a desire to interpose barriers between the wife and husband, and prevent their association as much as possible, at first on the plea of Emma's health, and then other and trifling causes.

Glenny had been one of the most affectionate of husbands. It had been his greatest pleasure to wait upon his wife during her sickness. Night and day, he was by the bedside administering to her wants and comforts. When she was thirsty he gave her drink, when she was hungry he fed her; he lifted her in his arms when she wished to rise, and she breathed no wish that was unheeded or ungratified by him. Emma could not be otherwise than delighted by such manifestations of tenderness on his part, though she usually received them in silence, and many times tearfully. The husband was not vexed or angry, but deeply hurt when Aunt Lizzie assumed his place, and he found himself nearly or quite excluded from the sick room. In a thousand ways he was made to feel that his presence was unnecessary and unrequired, that his wife could be quite as properly cared for by another, that it was neither meet nor expedient for him to be near her. He sometimes wondered whether Emma herself was pleased with the change, then recollecting his awkwardness, he assumed that Aunt Lizzie was the better nurse, and perhaps it was all, for the best, though it really made him uncomfortable.

We have all heard so much of the love of wives and mothers, why don't somebody wake up to the love of husbands. Tenderness, sympathy, the deepest and most lasting affection, are to be found, I verily believe, among the sterner sex. Neither are such instances so rare as might be supposed. How many husbands cheerfully toil all their days to supply some worthless, helpless woman with the comforts of life. We fear that justice has never been done to this highly honorable class of the community. We have accustomed ourselves too much to think of them as "tyrants of households" and "masters of families;" whereas, in these days of equality, very few husbands attempt to be either; perhaps not one of a thousand is so in reality. The wife would scorn the imputation that she had a master, and as for tyrannizing over her, "let any one try it."

"What is the matter with Aunt Lizzie?" said John Glenny, one day, to his mother. "She has a spite against me, I believe—really acts as if she thought my presence would injure Emma. What does it mean?"

"I can't tell," said Mrs. Glenny, with a sigh.

"Then, you have noticed it?"

"I have noticed it."

"Now, mother, I want to know what you do think is the reason. Is she angry with me?"

"Aunt Lizzie is incapable of remaining angry with you, or any one."

"Then what is it?"

"My son," said Mrs. Glenny, "I know nothing. I might hazard a conjecture, but then it would only be conjecture, and of little worth. It is true as strange that Aunt Lizzie manifests an extreme solicitude to prevent all intercourse between you and Emma. With trembling anxiety, she notes your approach to her chamber, and her countenance actually becomes blank with horror when you presume on any little conjugal endearment. At first I fancied it the result of maiden squeamishness, or a strange sort of jealous fondness, but have recently become convinced that the cause, whatever it may be, consists in something of which neither of us is aware."

"What can it be, mother—have you any suspicion?"

Mrs. Glenny had her suspicion, but she didn't choose to reveal it, and so she replied:

"We must not suspect, my son; let us patiently wait until time developes the truth."

Oh, this watching and waiting—whether for good, or whether for evil—this looking and longing till the heart faints and hope grows weary.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Glenny learned to regard Aunt Lizzie with a strange mixture of distrust and dislike, though of his wife's purity and honor he never entertained a doubt. She became to him an ugly and cross old maid, whose very shadow poisoned his happiness. Thus the best of people have been a thousand times misjudged, especially when their rigid adherence to a principle of duty interfered with the pleasures or supposed rights of others. Let no one ever judge hastily or harshly in such cases till he sees and knows the end.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHADOWS.

It was the month of frost and hail; of clear, cold sunshine, and colder wind. What a fashion the wind has of blowing in the winter; how it wails and moans at times, and then shrieks and howls like an unquiet spirit. It blows its cold breath upon you, though you see it not. It lays its restless hand on the door-latches and window-shutters, rattling and creaking them as it tries to get in. It goes wandering around and around the house, whistling through the crevices, and laughing like a maniac at its exploits of flapping curtains and banging doors. How it plays "hide and seek" among the old, dried leaves, or tosses the snow-wreaths as a child would the summer flowers.

Emma is still in her chamber; her illness is very tedious, or so thought her husband, and so Aunt Lizzie said. Yet one would suppose it a rather comfortable kind of sickness. She never complains of distress; the physician cannot discover a symptom of disease, yet she is moping, languid and feeble; she lacks appetite and stamina; she sits by the window, listening to the howling of the wind and the patter of the snow-flakes; she looks out on a bare and dreary prospect, trees leafless, fields bare and brown, save occasional spots of white, clouds dark and gusty; nothing pleasant, nothing beautiful. The day declines; the sun blazes out red and fiery between two masses of black mist. A flush of crimson tints the snow, the old rocks, the bare trees, the barren fields. It suffuses the air; it etherealizes everything. Emma sees it all, and she sees something else likewise—something else, that causes her cheek to blanch and her heart to throb. Walking down the lane, that had once been shady beneath boughs, in their season covered with blossoms, and along paths once flowery, is the figure of a man. Every day he may be seen walking there at just such an hour. Through rain and snow, and cloud and storm, through rain and hail, he is always there, true as the needle to the pole. He wears a deep suit of black; he is tall, you would know his form among a thousand.

"What gentleman is that?" inquired old Mrs. Glenny of her son. "He passes by every day; he seems a stranger in the place."

"His name is Heberton; he is the principal of our public school."

"What sort of a man is he?" inquired Mrs. Glenny, thoughtfully. "I don't much like his looks."

"Oh, mother, he must be a fine man—such an education as he's got. Then think of his being a public school teacher, so honorable and respectable as that calling is. He must be above suspicion."

"School teachers are men," said Mrs. Glenny, "and, as such, no better than others."

"I suppose he comes this way for the sake of the walk," said John.

"Very likely," said his mother, not exactly satisfied, yet unable to suppose a better reason.

"I will lie down a little," said Emma, as the dark form disappeared, lost in the gloom of the trees. "I will lie down a little," and she tottered towards her bed.

"Are we alone?" she whispered, with ashen lips, as Aunt Lizzie approached and bent over her.

"Yes, darling, no one is here, not even your babe."

"Bolt the door; I must talk with you without fear of disturbance."

The door was bolted, and Aunt Lizzie resumed her position by the bed. Emma held up her hand; it was almost transparent.

"Do you see how thin I am getting?" she inquired. "Oh, Aunt Lizzie, this dreadful secret is killing me. You know the human heart, you can read the motives of human conduct, you are experienced in the world—tell me, if you can, what is it he means?"

"I think, my dear, his only motive is to trouble and torment you. It is so like him, else why has he come here, taking care that you should know it, yet never coming near you, walking by the house but never stopping, meeting John along the road yet never speaking to him? He must be aware that his presence embitters your life, which is doubtless the consummation of his wishes."

"Had I only staid with you, my best and dearest friend," said Emma, "I might have escaped all this misery and wretchedness. In an evil hour, I yielded to the tempter. Then I thought to fly from all knowledge, all memory of the past, but now it pursues me in his shape. In his shape, and what can be more horrible, since I clearly apprehend his purpose? Sometimes I half determine to go and confess the whole affair to my husband, falling at his feet and beseeching his forgiveness. Do you think he could forgive me?"

"He might, perhaps, but remember the child you would disgrace; above all, remember that no mercy abides with the law. Besides, I do not believe Heberton's purpose is to betray you, though it may be," said Aunt Lizzie. "But, oh, Emma, why didn't you come to me before consummating this marriage with John? I could have told you better."

"I know it—I know it," responded Emma, bitterly; "but I wanted a home."

"A home—oh, Emma!" responded Aunt Lizzie. "And so you got married, plunged your soul in crime, when you should have come to me. Didn't you know better than that?" and the kind-hearted woman smoothed the bright hair of the invalid, and kissed her pallid cheek.

"I married for a home," continued Emma, "and that home has been the entrance to a dark, dark way, in which I must go alone, let it lead me where it will. A constant sense of danger distresses me; I cannot see the way clear before me for a day, not even a single hour. This is the punishment I bear, and hide."

There was no tear in her eye; her face was rigidly composed, but very, very pale. "I have cast about me on all sides," she said; "I have examined the question in all its bearings; yet I come on no decision. Time and again I have opened my mouth to speak and tell all, that thus I might escape this harrowing suspense, but as often my heart has failed me, and I have been unable to articulate a word."

"I wish you to keep this secret, Emma, if by any means it can be kept, not for yourself alone, you well enough know that, but for John, whose generous love imagines you everything perfect. The truth would crush and break his heart. Its revelation could not subserve any good purpose; it could not fail to be the occasion of intolerable misery. What is done cannot be undone, but a life of repentance and humiliation may cancel much."

Emma then referred to the anonymous letter she had received under the cognomen of Lydia Sherman, and said it had driven her nearly frantic, though obliged to put on an air of outward composure. She had not known before that Heberton was living. She certainly expected that he was gone, to return no more till the sea gave up its dead. And now he had followed her to further his deep schemes of revenge. She had first seen him at old Mr. Glenny's funeral. The recognition was instant and mutual. She had seen him since—she saw him every night—would to heaven she might never see him again.

"He has never spoken to you?"

"He never has—he knows well enough that I would not associate or communicate with him, even if he wished it. He knows, too, that I have put myself beyond hope and help—that I must bide his time and pleasure, waiting like the victim on the block for the one fatal stroke. You wish me to preserve this secret. Could the tortures of the Inquisition wring it from me, if in my keeping it was safe? But it seems always near discovery; it may be lost by an accident or some unforeseen occurrence, to-morrow, any day. A word, a breath, a whisper, may spread the whole truth, and a thousand times the whole truth, any moment. 'Tis dreadful, dreadful," and she cowered down in the bed with a low, suppressed cry, fearful in its sound as any shriek.

"No one knows of it around here but ourselves?" inquired Aunt Lizzie.

"I don't know that there does, yet how should I know, even if there did?" answered Emma. "I have sometimes thought that people regarded me with a curious stare, that they whispered and stared as I passed them by; it might have been fancy, or it might not; it might have been caused by that, or by something else. No one, excepting John, would take the liberty to tell me of it even if they had heard, and perhaps he would be the last to hear it, especially were it generally believed. I tremble when I think of the precipice on which I am standing, yet not so much for my own sake as that of others."

Aunt Lizzie strove to comfort and console her, representing that she was more to be pitied than blamed, that her crime was capable of excuse, and that her chief fault had been the want of due cautiousness, that, in public opinion at least, much allowance would be made for her when all the circumstances became known. Aunt Lizzie forgot that the world had not her patient and beautiful charity, and that usually the worst construction, instead of the best, is put upon everything.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. SCRUMPY DREAMS.

Mrs. Scrumpy was famous at dreaming, especially since her fits of hysterics had subsided. She dreamed with her eyes shut, it is certain; and many people thought that she dreamed with them open. In the morning she entertained her neighbors with her dreams of the previous evening. At night she related to her husband what she had dreamed in her nap during the day. Strange to say, her dreams had always one character. They invariably related to Mr. Scrumpy's short-comings, and not unfrequently Miss Wells or Miss Smirch occupied in them highly conspicuous though not enviable positions. On several occasions he had assumed the shape of a bear, ready to devour her; at others he was bottling her up in huge jugs of camphor.

This day, a wintry, windy day, with occasional gleams of cold sunlight, between long intervals of shadow, Mrs. Scrumpy made quite an effort in her peculiar line, though whether with her eyes shut or open it is impossible to say. She called it a dream, and a dream it was in more senses than one.

Well, she thought it was night, and the children were undressing and preparing for bed, though Mr. Scrumpy had not yet come in for tea. She greatly wondered what detained him, his being a most exemplary husband in the one particular of returning the moment his school was dismissed, made his dereliction this day still more strange and surprising. But while she wondered and waited, she thought the children were snugly put to bed by unseen hands, and she felt an unaccountable presentimen that Mr. Scrumpy was in mischief somewhere and that it was her duty to go out and look fo him. All she had ever thought or felt of husbands being particularly designed for the especial purpose of tormenting poor women came to her mind in a moment, when she was suddenly startled by a noise behind her. She thought that the noise was of a mysterious kind—a sound of rattling and gnawing, such as she had sometimes heard before, and which awakened indefinite fears in her bosom that the house was haunted. She felt excessively shocked and frightened, and fled out doors without knowing why.

She thought that her mind reverted to her husband, (which she considered very foolish, as she would not certainly have flown to him for protection in any case,) and she started off down the street towards the school-house at a rapid pace, expecting every moment to meet him, which she did not.

She thought that, reaching there, the door was standing open, as if inviting an entrance, and so she entered and passed on through the lobby into the main room. It was empty, but another door, communicating with a little room that served for a kind of office, stood ajar, and a confused murmur of voices sounded within. She thought that, amid many words which she could not distinguish, but which, judging from the tone in which they were uttered, were anything but pleasant, she heard her own name pronounced three several times, and each time distinctly. This excited her curiosity, and without any consideration of the heinousness of eaves-dropping, she stood and listened. She knew well enough who was conversing, she couldn't be deceived, and she plainly heard her husband address Miss Wells as "my dear," which shocked her greatly; and what was worse, Miss Wells actually had the impertinence to speak of marriage to him, though to whose marriage she alluded it was impossible to say, perhaps to that of Mrs. Scrumpy and her liege lord.

Then she (Mrs. Scrumpy) thought that her husband said, alluding to some one, herself probably, "She don't know anything about it; I didn't tell her, for several reasons, and I don't want you to mention it now."

Mrs. Scrumpy wondered how, even in a dream, she could have stood still to listen to such talk, but she supposed an invisible power upheld her, purposely to expose the deceptions of her husband, so she calmly waited for the answer.

"No, it wouldn't be worth while for me to say anything or mention anything, I'm very certain of that. Beverly is a powerful man, and has great influence in the school; but, as you say, it looks very strange."

"My little woman, my lady, I should say, is always angry when I conceal a secret from her. I used to attempt it sometimes, but rarely with success," said Mr. Scrumpy. "The more I tried to keep her in the dark, the surer she was to find out. I was fond of playing checkers, and ventured once, but only once, to stay out pretty late, amusing myself. I thought she shouldn't know; but, as I'm alive, when I returned home towards morning, she knew just where I had been, what I had been doing, and who were with me."

Mrs. Scrumpy, dreaming as she was, remembered the time perfectly well, and laughed in her sleeve. She had left her bed and an infant two weeks old, and gone out in the cold night air to find him out. Stealthily as a thief she went from house to house, peeping at the windows, listening behind out-houses, lurking in fence corners; at last she detected a light streaming through the crevices of an old wagon-house, and approaching cautiously, discovered them and their employment. All this she perfectly remembered, still listening intently.

"You say that the gentleman has been here?" said Miss Wells.

"Not here, but in the neighborhood; I ain't at liberty to call names, at any rate I hardly feel safe in so doing, so much is involved, and silence seems the most expedient."

"Was his business known?"

"Only by a confidential few on whom he could depend."

"But it seems the matter has leaked out."

"You should rather say, it is leaking out, though it will probably be some time before it becomes public."

"Hope so, really," said Miss Wells, with her affected drawl, which so irritated Mrs. Scrumpy, though asleep, that she felt, as she averred, like wringing her neck.

"It might injure our school," said Miss Wells, sighing, "the school which has so twined itself around my heart. It might lessen our responsibility of training immortal souls. It might—what might'nt it do?"

The stream of Miss Wells' eloquence had run dry.

"What might'n't it do, surely?" said Scrumpy, echoing her last sentiment.

Mrs. Scrumpy would have shrieked aloud, as with the nightmare, but an intense curiosity to hear the rest kept her silent.

"I am so deeply interested in this school," resumed Miss Wells, "that I have neither time nor opportunity to think of anything else."

Mr. Scrumpy giggled outright. "Very good, Miss Wells," he said, "though, unfortunately, I know better. The school would cease to be interesting the moment it ceased to afford you the means of bread and butter and silk dresses. Now, suppose a more lucrative employment should offer, would you accept it or not?"

Miss Wells didn't say she would, neither did she say that she wouldn't, but she laughed low and significant.

"Suppose," continued Mr. Scrumpy, "that I could find something else for you to do, wouldn't you do it? I think so."

"I might probably."

"Your interest in the school wouldn't prevent it, ah?"

"Oh, Mr. Scrumpy, you are tantalizing me," she said. "You know we have a school full of pretty children."

"Never mind the school or the pretty children; the thing is here, you know the handwriting of a certain man."

"A certain man—do speak out. How do I know who you mean?"

"An Elder—name begins with B."

"I know the hand-writing of more than one Elder whose name begins with B, though in what way this knowledge of mine can benefit you, I can't see."

"You shall see. Here is something of importance; how I came by it matters not; how I came to know its importance matters not; a certain man would give a good round sum to get it, I know that. He is rich, I am poor; I am obliged to earn my bread, not exactly by the sweat of my brow, but leaning over these desks and forms, which is no better. Now wouldn't I be justified—I put the question to you as casuist—wouldn't I be justified in making a little speculation of my good fortune—wouldn't I?"

Miss Wells supposed so, of course; she couldn't see why he wouldn't—that is—supposing—it was all right."

"All right—what do you mean?"

"Excuse me, my dear Sir, I am only mentioning what is doubtless an impossibility; but you haven't yet explained to me the circumstances under which you became acquainted with this affair. Until I know all, I cannot give an opinion."

"It was in a manner perfectly honorable," said Mr. Scrumpy; "you don't suppose me capable of acting otherwise; in short, I found it."

"Found it?"

"Certainly."

"Where?"

Mrs. Scrumpy could not hear the reply, and several sentences were exchanged between them in so low a voice that, greatly to her dissatisfaction, they were unintelligible, then Miss Wells remarked, speaking in a louder key:

"You suppose he dropped it?"

"I do."

"Why not give it to him, then?"

"That wouldn't answer my purpose at all," and he slowly drew a long breath, and seemed intensely relieved that he had gotten it out at last.

"You can certainly do as you like," said Miss Wells; "and I am yet at a loss to know what you expect of me."

"I don't expect anything of you; that is, I don't exact anything, though I thought you might make it your interest to testify."

He had spoken like one feeling his way step by step, as if uncertain how far to go, and coming suddenly to a full stop.

"Testify what?"

"To the hand-writing—there being no signature."

"I could do that, I suppose," said the lady.

"Could you?" His face brightened in an instant.

"I could, but then—"

"What?"

"Could we afford to lose our situations in the school for what Holcomb would give us? Recollect that Beverly is a man of influence."

"I recollect—but wouldn't his influence grow less under such a conviction?"

"Not at all. He would be pitied by hundreds where one would blame."

"Well, consider it, but be sure you keep still."

"I will."

The conference was broken, and Mrs. Scrumpy awoke. Mr. Scrumpy returned home that night to be completely astounded with his wife's new achievement in dreaming. Perhaps he would have been less astonished had he remembered Mrs. Scrumpy's bound girl, dwarfish and stunted in size, yet remarkably quick-witted, and possessing a prodigious memory, who went to school, and had an odd way of listening behind doors, peering into corners, and retailing items of gossip. Had he taken into consideration his lady's capacity for putting this and that together, and making a good story from odds and ends, he might have suspected something—he might, indeed.

As it was, however, Mr. Scrumpy began to regard his wife as something of a clairvoyant, and to fear her accordingly. She persists in regarding him with black suspicion; she declares that he is changed, and she knows it; he scouts the possibility of such a thing, though with a very ill grace; wonders to what secret she is always making allusion, and why, of all names in the world, that of Miss Wells should be continually flung at him.

He would tell her all, but then the whole affair would be out; she could not keep the secret a single day; he might thus be prevented from making his own terms with Mr. Holcomb; he might even be summarily dismissed from the school. His situation was one of trying peculiarity, and involved contingencies for which he was unequal. Mrs. Scrumpy was far from believing in reality all that she pretended to—jealous people rarely do. Nothing will offend them sooner than to take them at their word, and assume that they have been really injured in the manner they suppose.

Mrs. Scrumpy was right in one particular; she knew that something was wrong somewhere, and that something would come of it; but to whom, when, and from what quarter is the puzzle of her brain. The school, with its scores of handsome faces and ugly faces, persists in harnessing itself to the car of Mrs. Scrumpy's imagination; the Elder arrives, her husband and Miss Wells are the passengers, and the complete equipage whirls around her kitchen at wild speed, amid the pots and stewpans. Even in the little shop, where now and then a neighbor calls for thread or needles, it rattles away at a furious pace from the counter, when she pauses asserting the small commodity and stares at the cobwebs that garnish the corners of the wall. Her remote impression of the school-house, which the village newspaper persists in calling the temple of the Muses, and which the withered dames of the neighborhood, without knowing why, pronounce the greatest institution of the age; then the consideration that it is presided over by one whom the closest scrutiny has been unable to fathom, that Miss Wells and her husband are both there, that a private room is there, that pens, ink, quills and paper are there, persuade her that somebody, and perhaps all, are up to some kind of mischief, which she must depend on her ingenuity to discover.

She is perpetually on the alert; she looks at everybody with a deep, eager stare, as if trying to dissect each countenance, and thence delve the secrets of the heart. Mrs. Winkle tells her dear friend Mrs. Piper—all in confidence, you know—that she actually believes Mrs. Scrumpy is going crazy, and what a dreadful thing that would be for poor Scrumpy; to which Mrs. Piper responded that she doubted much whether she was ever sane, and as for Scrumpy, if he could get her admitted to the lunatic asylum, he might stand some chance for more peace and quiet than he had recently experienced.

"Why, the other day, when I stopped in there, she grasped my hand, shook it hard enough to tear my arm off, 'Do you know anybody by the name of Holcomb?' she says. 'Holcomb, no,' I answered. 'What kind of a name is that, and where does anybody live that bears it?' 'Oh, I don't know,' she said, 'I'd only like to.' Now, I've heard of her asking nearly a dozen that same question, 'Who is Holcomb?' and 'Where is Holcomb?' though what she wants of anybody with such an outlandish name is more than I can guess."

At last an idea struck Mrs. Scrumpy. The whole affair became so plain to her on the instant, that she wondered at her great stupidity in not thinking of it before. She called the bound girl. The little, dwarfish, cunning-looking creature came forward with, "Here, Missis."

"You know the new frock I gave you?"

"Yes, Missis."

"You know why I gave it?"

The girl nods and winks, as much as to say, "let anybody think I don't know; they're greatly mistaken."

"Did your master have a paper in his hand on that occasion? Be certain, now," said Mrs. Scrumpy.

"Didn't see any."

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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, April 8, 1863.

THE USE OF PRIVATEERS.

It is often asked why we have not employed privateers? There is now authority of law for their commission should any parties offer, and the President see fit to commission them. Nor is there any doubt that responsible parties would be willing to engage in this work, if encouraged by the government. At the same time it is clear that, as the South have no merchant ships of their own, these privateers must either prove most unprofitable adventures, or else make their money by seizing those foreign vessels breaking our blockade. Now this must ever be a most delicate duty and would be almost certain to involve us in quarrels with those foreign nations whose vessels might be seized, as the cupidity of those who made the seizure would be likely to make them often make mistakes, if it did not lead them to commit crimes and acts which injured nations might regard as piracy.

Besides this, there is a very strong disposition throughout the whole civilized world to abolish privateering altogether. Franklin, in behalf of the States, was the first to propose this, with the addition that "unarmed merchant ships on both sides shall pursue their voyages unmolested," (except, of course, where containing goods contraband of war). There is little or no doubt that as civilized nations have begun to see the justice and humanity of the first of these proposals, so they will soon see the wisdom of annexing to it the last.

Thus far the South have employed privateers, and we have not commissioned one. What is more, the privateers employed by the South have been of the most odious kind, i. e. those built and fitted for their work, and even manned for the most part by neutrals. That we should be amply justified in making use of privateers to destroy pirates such as the Alabama, by the moral sense of the whole world, there can be no doubt. But it must and will create a great moral feeling throughout Europe of the iniquity not only of the Southern privateers, but of their more reprehensible abettors, to forbear as long as possible from the exercise of so dangerous a right, and one so liable to abuse.

But there is no reason why one or more vessels should not be fitted out and owned by the merchants of New York to cruise specially for vessels like the Southern privateers, although commanded by a regular officer of the United States Navy, and made directly responsible to the Government. In this way the advantages of private mercantile enterprise, skill and experience might be enlisted in the service of the Government, while insurance offices and merchant ship owners might thus protect their own property to the utmost of their skill and capital. Some extraordinary bounty might be offered to the ship of that class which should capture or destroy the Southern pirates.

There is no doubt that Congress did wisely in empowering the President to commission privateers at his discretion. There are contingencies quite possible in which they ought to be used, and unquestionably would be. The moral effect of the forbearing use of power is often its very greatest use, and it might be well for the European nations to understand that, although up to a certain point, for the sake of humanity, we had laid aside the use of privateers, yet that, if the laws of nations should be openly violated, or nefariously evaded by neutrals in fitting out privateers and vessels provided with munitions of war to break our blockade and destroy our commerce, it must end by our protecting ourselves by resorting to privateers so far as was necessary to break up such outrageous violations of neutrality.

It is, however, probable, that the complete change of popular feeling in England will render that Government much more careful. In our war with Mexico, France and England forbade their subjects directly or indirectly to aid by accepting Mexican letters of marque, and not a privateer or pirate was heard of. With proper vigilance now, the same result might be secured, and, we trust, will be, and that the day is not far distant when Franklin's proposal, in its whole scope, will be universally accepted.

THE NEW REBEL LOAN.

The proposal of a rebel loan in Paris and London, if successful, would be mischievous to us, not only and not chiefly on account of the money with which it would supply the rebels, but as affording other nations a direct and most important pecuniary interest in our non-success in putting down the rebellion. Where a man's treasure is, his heart is, or, at least, it soon follows. That this loan will be nominally all taken, and at a premium, we have no doubt. But there will always be a few shares to be purchased by the friends of the secession cause at ninety and a trifle less. What, then, are the prospects of the investment as to its safety and profitableness? If it were simply a financial question, without any political feeling at its back, no respectable house would even think of offering it.

Of course, if the South should not have its ports opened, and its independence recognized, the whole of the money is sunk, unless the speculator should see fit to take his cotton and run the risk of the blockading squadron capturing it, or let it bide its time and chance. This, indeed, must be the safest way for the man who is disposed to make advances. He had better, we should think, take his cotton, at 5½d.—i. e., 11 cents in the Southern shipping ports—and hold on to it, as Napoleon is reported to have bought tobacco in Richmond, Fredericksburg and Norfolk. Whether it remain there now, or has been destroyed, we cannot say, but the agents of Napoleon have ceased purchasing at any price. True, foreign subjects are better secured in their rights of property than rebels would be when a city is taken, or a seizure about to be made. But we suppose that any English capitalist willing to buy cotton at 5½ pence, payable in a sight draft on London, could buy up all the cotton of the South now, delivered in any rebel port. In that point of view then, the loan is not advantageous, and this is the best aspect of it. If he hold on to it as a loan at 7 per cent., he has, it is true, the word of Jefferson Davis that his interest shall be paid. But then Jefferson Davis is the very man who was the leader of the repudiation scheme in Mississippi. If the blockade becomes a little tighter, the rebels may not always be regular in the payment of interest, and if the confederacy is dissolved the whole bubble bursts at once. It may not do this suddenly, but at least the recognition of the Confederacy will not take place until the nine hundred millions voted by the last Congress, and other future votes are all expended; and this will not be a short day for the speculators in cotton who have at all though of this loan.

Suppose, however, the ports to be thrown open, as they will be some day, and suppose, also, which is a most unsupposable case, that they were thrown open as Confederate ports, is there no danger that the cotton which they declare to be on hand may in the meantime have been burned or gone to waste. If the South continue to grow it, there will be a private supply in excess in Southern ports of all possible demand or means of transportation, and with a glut, cotton may go down to five and six cents instead of 5½ pence sterling. The operatives of England will have been dispersed over the globe, the cotton machinery half destroyed, and the capital have been distributed into other channels, and to get it back again into the cotton manufactures will only be a work of time. If there should be three or four million bales thrown on the market at once, beside regular crops in Southern ports, under such circumstances, and with all the holders of it perishing for want of food and clothes, how much will it bring? A fresh capitalist will be able to buy it for half the sum and less than half quite possibly, and be able to select the quality.

The only hope would be to hold on to the bonds at seven per cent. But what could the South do to pay interest with, the whole country laid waste and bare, a huge standing army and foreign enemies besides. Their debt requiring interest would be a thousand millions, and England and France would demand indemnity if the letter of the bond were not fulfilled, and seize their ports and custom-houses, as in China. It is a political scheme from beginning to end. It will enable England and France, should the South become independent of the North, to interfere and make her dependent upon them. The borrower is ever the servant of the lender. Will it succeed?

GEN. BUTLER, in his recent speech in New York, recommended that the Government proclaim non-intercourse with England until it stops encouraging piracies against our commerce, and fitting out rebel privateers in English ports. In reference to Lord Lyon's interview with leading Democrats in relation to mediation, Gen. Butler thought the course of Washington in regard to M. Genet, the French Minister, afforded a precedent how to act. Complaint was made of Genet to the French Government and he was recalled. Congress also passed a law preventing for all time any interference by foreign diplomatists with the people of the United States. Butler is also in favor of arming the negroes to suppress the rebellion, and of assigning the land of rebels in arms to Union volunteers. Butler always speaks out his mind and is not afraid of the responsibility.

ADVANCING CIVILIZATION.—The rebels boast that they are ready to open their ports to the commerce of the world, free from all the usual restrictions upon commercial intercourse, but the Charleston Mercury has discovered that a "slaveholding people are a peculiar people, and they cannot permit an unguarded intercourse with every other people, without danger to themselves." China and Japan once entertained the same opinion, but they were forced to see their error, and are removing restrictions from intercourse with the outside barbarians. Does South Carolina mean to be the Japan of America?

DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

In the last newspapers from England came a number of letters of a diplomatic character in reference to American affairs. One is from Lord Lyons to Earl Russell, just after his arrival at New York in November last. At that time the radical Democrats of New York were very jubilant, and expected to be able to command peace through European mediation. They had an interview with Lord Lyons upon the subject, and he says:—

"Many of them seemed to think that this mediation must come at last; but they appeared to be very much afraid of its coming too soon. It was evident that they apprehended that a premature proposal of foreign intervention would afford the radical party a means of reviving the violent war spirit, and of thus defeating the peaceful plans of the conservatives. They appeared to regard the present moment as peculiarly unfavorable for such an offer, and, indeed, to hold that it would be essential to the success of any proposal from abroad that it should be deferred until the control of the executive government should be in the hands of the conservative party."

He says he also thought he perceived a desire to put an end to the war, even at the risk of losing the Southern States altogether, but that it was plain it was not thought prudent to avow this desire, as a mere hint of it had been very ill received. The chiefs of the party were for an armistice, followed by a convention, in which such changes of the constitution should be proposed as would give the South ample security on the subject of its slave property, and would enable the North and the South to reunite and to live together in peace and harmony. Lord Lyons says:

"The conservatives profess to think that the South might be induced to take part in such a convention, and that a restoration of the Union would be the result. The more sagacious members of the party must, however, look upon the proposal of a convention merely as a last experiment to test the possibility of reunion. They are, no doubt, well aware that the more probable consequence of an armistice would be the establishment of Southern independence; but they perceive that if the South is so utterly alienated that no possible concessions will induce it to return voluntarily to the Union, it is wiser to agree to separation than to prosecute a cruel and hopeless war. It is with reference to such an ultimatum as they desire to attain, that the leaders of the conservative party regard the question of foreign mediation. They think that the offer of mediation, if made to a radical administration, would be rejected; that, if made at an unpropitious moment, it might increase the virulence with which the war is prosecuted. If their own party were in power, or virtually controlled the administration, they would rather, if possible, obtain an armistice without the aid of foreign governments; but they would be disposed to accept an offer of mediation if it appeared to be the only means of putting a stop to hostilities. They would desire that the offer should come from the great Powers of Europe conjointly, and in particular as little prominence as possible should be given to Great Britain."

Lord Lyons, on going to Washington, found the Government little disposed to enter upon political matters, and his Lordship gives his opinion that the moment was not a favorable one for an offer of mediation. Referring to the opinions of those who recommended mediation as preliminary to the recognition of the Southern Government, Lord Lyons says:

"I do not clearly understand what advantage is expected to result from a mere recognition, and I presume the European Powers do not contemplate breaking the blockade by force of arms, or engaging in hostilities with the United States in support of the independence of the South."

ANOTHER series of papers is made up of letters to and from Earl Russell and Mr. Mason, principally from the latter. The rebel agent is at great pains to show that England ought not to respect the blockade, and that she should recognize the Southern Government. A third series is between Earl Russell and Mr. Adams in reference to the Alabama, in which there is both warmth and bitterness. This correspondence was suspended in January last and not since renewed.

THE RAID INTO KENTUCKY.

The late rebel raid into Kentucky proves to be another big scare. Twelve hundred men on a scout for plunder made all the excitement. Danville, which was occupied by the rebel cavalry, has again been occupied by Union troops, and General Carter is pursuing the rebels out of the State. One good effect of the excitement has been to cause the Ninth Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac to be sent into Kentucky. Part have already reached there and part are on the way. This force will ultimately strengthen Rosecrans, and not only secure all his advances, but enable him to penetrate still further into the rebel States. If one half of the army of the Potomac were sent into Tennessee and down the Mississippi, they would do more service than they ever can lying around Richmond.

Practically Richmond is of but little advantage even if taken, but the great army which surrounds it, if transferred to the West, would, with the forces already there, give such an overwhelming preponderance to the Union army, that its final success would be certain. The Southwest is the seat of the rebel power and the source of all its supplies. The Southwest can be now readily penetrated through the rivers by our armies, and, acting together and co-operating, these armies could give each other support which would greatly strengthen the whole of them. There is no place that the rebels have fought harder to keep our armies from entering than in the cotton States, and there is no part of the rebel territory where those armies can do more mischief to the rebels. Every new portion of the country they penetrate gives them possession of cotton or causes it to be destroyed by rebels, either of which is a costly consumption of their resources, and weakens the power of resistance. Transferring the war to the Southwest, is eating the rebels out of house and home, consuming all their wealth, cutting off their resources, and crippling their power at the fountain head of its strength. The streagthening of our armies in that quarter is the way to more quickly overcome the rebellion.

HOW THE SUPPLIES REACH THE REBELS FROM MEXICO.—A letter from New Orleans states that, on the 9th inst., there were seventy-five vessels lying outside the bar at Matamoros, loading or ready to unload. Great quantities of goods are shipped to Matamoros from New York, under bond to be landed in Mexico, to be sold to Mexicans only. Such precautions amount to nothing. Mexican houses buy for shipment to Texas or to sell to rebel agents. The trade to Matamoros is not to be regarded as entirely contraband, but it is very largely so, and there seems to be no efficient means to check this smuggling, except by closing the doors through which it is carried on. It is suggested that by occupying the Western Texas frontier, this source of supply to the rebels could be stopped, and it is said that the men are at Matamoros who would take charge of this expedition and accomplish its object, if Government would only say the word. The rebels, in expectation of such action, have largely increased their force. Gen. Bee, in command at Fort Brown, has been reinforced, it is currently reported, until he now has some six thousand or seven thousand men.

A FOOLISH HOAX.—One of the evils of the system pursued by the agents of the associated press, in copying their telegraph reports from other papers, instead of furnishing news from original sources, is, that the errors, mistakes and misstatements of other newspapers are repeated over the whole country by telegraph. Sometimes the newspapers get as new the sensation despatches of victories, etc., that a New York Sunday newspaper so industriously manufactures for its columns. The least enterprise on the part of the associated press would enable it, in the twenty-four hours intervening between Sunday and Monday, to correct those statements, and save the public the injury which false news produces. A stupid story, published in a Washington paper on the 1st of April, about a schooner belonging to *Hokes & Zell*, captured with a large amount of contraband goods aboard, was gobbled up by the industrious agent of the association, and sent yesterday all over the country as a genuine occurrence. Accuracy is not the distinguishing characteristic of the news despatches, and we should think that those who undertake to furnish it to newspapers ought to be at some little pains to ascertain themselves the truth of what they are furnishing.

THE NAVAL ATTACK ON PORT HUDSON.—All the accounts given of the recent attempt of our steamers to pass the batteries at Port Hudson, partially successful, concur in the opinion that this was one of the most gallant exploits of the many which the war has yet produced. The fire was more terrific than the passing of the forts at the taking of New Orleans, and the vessels exposed to this murderous fire were coolly manœuvred, and on board the Mississippi the guns were kept in action as long as it was possible to fire them. When the vessel could no longer maintain the contest, every preparation was made to save the remaining officers and crew and to destroy the ship, so that the rebels would derive no advantage from the partial success that accident had given to them. Nothing could be more intrepid than the conduct of the Commander, and nothing more heroic than the action of the gallant crew which he commanded.

NEW CALIFORNIA LINES.—The Pacific Mail Steamship Company have in progress of execution an arrangement for a weekly line between San Francisco and the Isthmus of Panama, which can hardly fail to be satisfactory to the travelling public. The plan involves the supply of five immense new steamers over 4000 tons each, which will be able to carry all the passengers likely to offer, and 1500 tons freight on each voyage. One of these is completed, another is nearly ready to be launched, the third is also near completion, and a contract is made for the fourth. The design is to leave San Francisco each Saturday of the year for Panama. Corresponding lines on the Atlantic side will be required, and will necessarily be created so soon as this Pacific line gets into operation.

IN AND ABOUT WASHINGTON.

The Rebel Loan.

The reported success of the rebel loan in has caused no material surprise here, as what it had been already proved that so much real sympathy existed, it was not difficult to believe that a loan, with cotton at the old figure as a basis, would be willingly availed of, even to an extent double or quadruple of the amount required, and so it has proved.

The object of the loan is quite apparent. With the interest due abroad on the several State bonds can be paid, and additional vessels of war can be constructed. It is not likely that a dollar of it will ever reach the South except in the way of war material, and the countries which advanced the loan will therefore retain it within their own limits.

That the negotiation of the loan is an unfortunate occurrence for ourselves cannot be questioned. It arms the enemy with $15,000,000 in ready gold—$90,000,000 if he chooses to avail himself of the £18,000,000 offered—and with a fund of this dimension to draw upon, the rebels to our side will stand a chance, at least, of being most serious, if not disastrous. Most of the vessels being constructed are understood to have been paid for from the cotton and other produce that has run the blockade, which, if these impressions are correct, will give the rebels a fresh start in the loan just negotiated for the building and equipment of such additional vessels as they may choose to contract for. We already hear of five powerful rams in course of construction—one the most formidable ever conceived of—besides gunboats, blockade runners, and a number of privateers of the pattern of the Alabama.

To counteract the threatened evil has been the study of the President and Mr. Seward for a long while back, or this increase of the rebel navy has been foreseen for months; but up to the present hour, no definite course has been decided upon. Friendly argument has been used until it has been found to be a mere waste words, for the Brtish Government has protested that it is powerless in the premises; and where with one hand it has welcomed the relief we have sent its starving populace, with the other rebellion has been patted on the back, and its bonds eagerly taken up at a premium.

What then are we to do? The future must answer the question; but there are many who profess to see in this continued encouragement of the rebels—even with British gold *ad libitum*—the seeds of what must, one day, be a serious estrangement between the two countries, if not an open rupture in our relations.

General McClellan's Report.

The Washington Republican of last Friday, contains the preliminary report of General McClellan, of October 15th, last, respecting the military operations under his charge since the evacuation of Harrison's Landing, which, that paper says, was furnished it by the Government.

Owing to the absence of the full reports of the corps commanders, a simple outline of the brilliant operations which resulted in the carrying of the two passes could at that time, with justice to the troops and commanders, be communicated.

In the course of his narrative he says, on the 13th he received a verbal message from Colonel Miles informing him of the condition of affairs. The messenger stated that there was no apparent reason for the abandonment of Maryland Heights, and that though Col. Miles asked for assistance, he said he could hold out certainly for two days. He directed the messenger to make his way back, if possible, with the information that he (McClellan) was rapidly approaching and would undoubtedly relieve the place. He states that on the 12th he was directed to assume command of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, but this order reached him after all communication with the garrison had been cut off.

And he adds—"Before I left Washington and while it was yet time, I recommended to the proper authorities that the garrison of Harper's Ferry should be withdrawn via Hagerstown, to aid in covering the Cumberland valley; or that, by the destruction of the railroad and obstructing the railroad bridge, it should fall back to the Maryland Heights, and there hold its own to the last. In this position it could have maintained itself for weeks. It was not deemed proper to adopt either of these suggestions, and when the subject was left to my discretion, it was too late to do anything except to try to relieve the garrison.

"I directed artillery to be frequently fired by our advanced guards, as a signal to the garrison that relief was at hand. This was done, and I learn that our firing was distinctly heard at Harper's Ferry, and that they were thus made aware that we were approaching. Although, on this occasion, the Indianola was not safe in their hands and she is now reiterated in the despatch above alluded to. Admiral Farragut must, therefore, have been mistaken in the remains of the vessel he saw some six miles distant, in the neighborhood of Grand Gulf; nor is this unlikely, considering the distance between him and the object in view.

REINSTATED.

By order of the War Department, the proceedings of the courts martial in the cases of Col. Fryck and Lieut.-Colonel Armstrong, of the 29th Pennsylvania Volunteers, dismissed for refusing to obey an order requiring them to make a requisition for dress coats (their regiment being supplied with blouses), have been set aside and those officers returned to their command.

THE REPORT ON THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

The Committee on the conduct of the war today, unanimously adopted their report on the Army of the Potomac, containing their general conclusions. The understanding is that it shall be published on Monday without favoritism to any particular newspaper.

THE COURT-MARTIAL ON COL. D'UTASSEY.

The court-martial to try Col. D'Utassey consists of Generals Hitchcock, Barry, Hartsuff, and Hicks; and Colonels Marshall and Brinton, with Major F. Gaines as Judge Advocate.

INTRESTING REBEL WAR REPORTS.

Richmond papers of the 31st ult. contain no telegraphic news, and nothing of interest.

The Charleston (S. C.) papers of the 27th ult. say there are four steamers now at the wharf in Charleston, which have arrived from Nassau since Sunday last, with valuable cargoes of merchandize.

Notwithstanding the blockade, our city is at present enjoying larger direct foreign trade than she ever had before.

The Richmond Sentinel, of the 31st instant, says:—"The two Houses of the Legislature agreed last night on a bill for securing a supply of salt. It authorizes the impressment of the salt works in Washington county, to be worked on the State account."

Refugees and deserters from the rebel army are almost daily coming into our lines at Suffolk and Yorktown, and giving themselves up. Generally the deserters bring their arms and equipments with them.

They report that movements strongly indicate the early evacuation of Richmond, though it is intended to be accomplished by a slow and sure process.

One entire division of the rebel army arrived in Richmond last Tuesday, as is supposed, to protect the insurgents from any attack that may be made while the evacuation is taking place.

The rebels have already commenced to remove their large guns and also their machinery from the machine shops at Richmond from that city to Chattanooga.

On the 25th ult., 10 rebel infantry stole past our pickets in front of Williamsburg and quietly occupied the place before daylight. At dawn their cavalry in front attacked our pickets who fell back upon the town. Here the infantry fired upon them, killing two and wounding five. They finally cut their way through and escaped to Fort Magruder, except 8 or 9 who were made prisoners.

Our force numbered about 40, that of the enemy 300. Before our reinforcements came up the enemy seized whatever they could, and made good their escape.

LATE WAR NEWS.

IMPORTANT FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON.

OUR TROOPS LANDED ON JOHN'S ISLAND.

Skirmishing Commenced.

THE REBEL PICKETS DRIVEN IN.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 6.—Yesterday's Richmond Dispatch says, that Pensacola was fired by the Union soldiers about the 23d ult., and most of the town destroyed. The soldiers are going to reinforce Gen. Banks.

Stirring News from South Carolina.

The enemy have landed in force on Seabrook's or John's Island. Three gunboats and several transports are lying off the island. Skirmishing has already taken place between ours and the enemy's pickets. Our pickets are driven in and the U. S. troops are advancing.

General Hagood has ordered all the women and children and non-combatants removed from Adams' Run, which is 30 miles from Seabrook Island.

The Rebel Attack on Point Pleasant.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The following has been received at the head quarters of the army:

GEN. SCHENCK'S HEAD-QUARTERS, }
BALTIMORE, April 4. }

To Major-Gen. Halleck, General-in-chief.

I have now, through Brig. Gen. Scammon, Capt. Carter's account of Point Pleasant (Va.) affair. Captain Carter had 60 men. He reports two killed, three wounded, and six taken prisoners, making our total loss 11.

The Rebels lost, in killed and wounded, and prisoners, 72, and so their raid, with their largely superior numbers, was handsomely repulsed. More than one hundred of them drowned.

Point Pleasant is at the mouth of the Kanawha river, Virginia.

Official Despatches—The Guerrilla Warfare in the Southwest.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The following has been received at the head-quarters of the Army.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 3d, 1863.

To Maj. Gen. H. W. Halleck, General in Chief.

Col. Harrison, commanding at Fayetteville, telegraphs that Captain J. J. Worth, with two companies of the 1st Arkansas cavalry, returned to-day from a scout in Carroll's county, Arkansas. After four skirmishes with the rebels he killed twenty-two and took seven prisoners. Captains Smith and McFarland were killed, and Captain Walker is a prisoner. Our loss was one man wounded, not dangerously.

[Signed] S. R. CURTIS,
Major General Commanding.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 3d.

Major-Gen. H. W. Halleck, General in Chief.

A band of guerrillas took the steamer Haw Gelly and murdered several soldiers and nine contrabands. Gen. Sloan telegraphs that Col. King, who is in pursuit, had two fights yesterday with the guerrillas, totally routing them, and mortally wounding their chief.

[Signed] S. R. CURTIS,
Major General Commanding.

From the Lower Mississippi.

CINCINNATI, April 4.—Passengers who arrived at Cairo yesterday state that the late attempt on Haines Bluff was a failure. The fleet and transports returned to Young's Point.

General Grant succeeded in placing a battery of 84-pounder Parrotts beyond the levee in a position to reach Vicksburg easily, and was about to open the bombardment.

The attack on Fort Pemberton was recommenced on the 27th ult., by the gun-boats Baron de Kalb and Chillicothe. The result is not known.

Despatches from Murfreesboro' give an account of the commencement on the 1st instant. An expedition under Brigadier-General Hazen and Colonel Enyard started for Woodbury, to attempt the capture of the rebel force of that point. One hundred of the 4th Ohio Cavalry accompanied it. The infantry surrounded the rebel camp, and the cavalry dashed in, but so vigorously that the rebels were dispersed and fled over the hills. A number were killed and wounded, and some thirty captured. Fifty horses, a number of mules, four wagons, and the rebel camp were also captured. We had only one wounded. The rebels, six hundred strong, were commanded by Col Smith. The expedition would have been entirely successful, if the cavalry had not been too eager.

Gordon Granger's cavalry the next day killed one rebel captain and a private, and captured two lieutenants and eight privates.

Despatches from Generals Hurlburt at Memphis, Asboth, at Columbus, and Dodge, at Corinth, represent a heavy force of rebel cavalry on the Tennessee river, about Florence. The rebels are constructing bridges in that section, and building floats for crossing the Tennessee river, indicating a movement of the rebel army from Vicksburg to join Bragg, or an intention of the latter to move that way. If true, this news is important.

The Latest from the Mississippi.

ST. LOUIS, April 4.—A special despatch from Cairo to the Democrat says, advices from Young's Point to Tuesday night had been received. They state that a force from the grand jury of Fairfield county. The Governor was army had been withdrawn from the front to the rear of Vicksburg, in anticipation of an attack of the U. S. troops via the Yazoo Pass or Haines' Bluff.

Yazoo City and Greenwood have also been strengthened. The heavy guns have been moved from the river front of Vicksburg and "Quakers" substituted.

During a very high wind, on Monday night, the rebel gunboat Vicksburg broke from her moorings and floated down the stream. She was captured by Farragut's vessels.

Unless something is speedily accomplished by the Yazoo expedition, it is presumed that it will be abandoned.

THE TOWN OF LAKE PROVIDENCE SUBMERGED—RETURN OF THE EXPEDITIONS—A BATTERY AT VICKSBURG SILENCED.

CAIRO, April 4.—Later news from below has been received.

We learn that the water continues to pour through the cut at Lake Providence, and nearly the whole town is submerged.

The troops have been obliged to move their encampments further up the river. Tugboats can pass into the Lake, but the current is too strong for the transports. The health of the troops is good.

It is now believed that all the expeditions, including the one sent down the Yazoo river, have returned, or are returning to Young's Point, where, it is stated, nearly two hundred transports are gathered.

The Memphis Bulletin says the U. S. battery, opposite Vicksburg, has silenced a battery on the opposite shore.

LOUISVILLE, April 4.—Wm. Kay was elected Mayor of this city to-day by about 800 majority.

The morning train, hence to Nashville, comprising four cars with soldiers, and two with civilian passengers, was thrown off the track near Bacon Creek by the accidental displacement of a rail. Two lives were lost, but a few persons were seriously, and several slightly wounded.

Shelling from the nearest Federal battery commanding the rebel works in front of the canal, commenced on Wednesday night.

A PEACE PARTY IN THE SOUTH.

Among the Southern items of news received, is one reporting the formation of a peace party, headed by Henry S. Foote, Alex. Mosly, editor of the Richmond Whig, and others. Resolutions on the subject will probably pass the lower House of Congress before the adjournment. It is said that the course of the Richmond Enquirer is disapproved of by many of the leading members of Congress.

The Chattanooga Rebel says, a blow will be struck before June which will unfetter the long manacled State of Kentucky.

Reports from Columbus say that a force of 700 rebels was discovered yesterday, marching towards Hickman, with the intention of taking that place. Gen. Asboth started down this morning with 600 men, and a large force is ready to leave at a moment's notice.

The War in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, April 3.—General Bragg has gone to Atlanta, Ga., on official business.

Dick McCann has been arrested at McMinnville, for disobedience of orders in leaving Brentwood on the approach of Mitchell's forces.

The rebels are fortifying themselves strongly at Palmyra.

General Crook's brigade captured twenty-five rebels at Carthage after a sharp skirmish.

NASHVILLE, April 4.—Surgeon Chas. Johnson, of the 1st Middle Tennessee Infantry, and a son of Governor Johnson, was thrown from his horse, to-day, and almost instantly killed.

Fifteen rebel prisoners arrived from the front to-day.

A Union man, named Harper, who tried to evade the conscription, was murdered by guerrillas, on Thursday night, two miles from this city. His house and buildings were also burned.

MURFREESBORO', April 4.—Gen. Palmer has had another skirmish at Woodbury, driving the rebels away.

The members of the Anderson Cavalry regiment who refused to do their duty recently were condemned to death for mutiny; but Gen. Rosecrans has disapproved of the sentence and the men are returned to duty—their pardon being conditional on future good behavior.

From Bermuda—The Florida Burns Another Ship.

[From the Hamilton (Bermu'a) Mirror, Mar. 25.]

The steamer Cornubia, with 314 bales of cotton, arrived at St. Georges on Sunday last. The Cornubia narrowly escaped capture when running for Wilmington. She was completely surrounded by Union blockaders, but managed to escape and run into port.

The steamer Gen. Beauregard, in four days from Charleston, S. C., with 1060 bales of cotton, arrived at St. Georges on Monday evening last, with the Confederate flag flying, and as she passed in the harbor the steamers Merrimac and Cornubia, she was lustily cheered by the crews of those vessels. She left Charleston on Thursday night and steamed directly through the blockading squadron, not, however, without having a number of shots fired at her, none of which struck her. It is said that the General Beauregard can steam seventeen miles per hour.

The steamer Gertruce arrived at Charleston from Nassau with an assorted cargo.

The steamer Britannia had arrived at Wilmington, N. C., from Nassau.

Captain Warn, of the schooner Laura Ann, arrived yesterday, reports that on Saturday week was boarded by the rebel steamer Florida, Captain Maffit, who requested Captain Warn to take on board twenty-seven prisoners, captured from prize ship Star of Peace, of Boston, from Calcutta, laden with saltpetre, which vessel was destroyed. On the day the Florida spoke the Laura Ann, she took the schooner Aldebaran, of Lockhaven, and having put a prize crew on board, she went in chase of a large American ship, then in sight.

The Florida reports having been chased, after leaving Barbadoes, by the Vanderbilt, and night coming on she tacked ship and stood for the Vanderbilt, all her lights having been extinguished and her steam stopped. The Vanderbilt approached, and hailed to know if a steamer had passed. The reply was, "Yes and going at great speed right astern." The Vanderbilt kept on after the Will o' the Wisp, and the Florida soon after captured the ship Star of Peace. [Father tough to believe.]

[From the Bermudian, March 25.]

The Confederate steamer Florida left Carlisle Bay on the night of February 25, having taken in supplies of provisions and coals, and on the 6th inst., the Vanderbilt, bearing the flag of Admiral Wilkes, arrived and sailed again on the following day.

In Demarara the Governor had issued orders that should the Confederate privateer Alabama call for supplies, the captain was to be told that none could be furnished within the time prescribed by the Imperial Government.

The Recent Fight at Somerset, Ky.

CINCINNATI, April 3.—The Gazette has some particulars of the recent fight in Kentucky. The rebels were overtaken four miles north of Somerset. General Carter, in command of 500 mounted men, had reached Buck Creek, when Gen. Gilmore, with his body guard and the Seventh Ohio cavalry, reached him, increasing our force to twelve hundred.

Skirmishing then commenced at Button's Hill, twelve miles from Somerset. The rebels took up a strong position and planted batteries. It was about noon. An artillery fight began and lasted about an hour and a half, we dismounting three of the rebel guns. The wings were then ordered to advance. Wolford, on the right, did so, and was wounded. Runkle, with the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Ohio regiments, on the left, charged up the hill under a galling fire and hurled his column on the enemy. At the same time, Wolford and Col. Garrard, on the right and centre, charged. The rebels broke in disorder, fled to their horses, and, under the cover of woods, pushed on through Somerset, in great disorder.

Col. Scott's and Ashby's cavalry was then discovered flanking our position, but after a sharp skirmish they were routed, with a loss of sixty prisoners.

The rebels made another stand three miles south of Somerset, and were again routed. Night coming on put an end to the conflict. The rebels crossed the river in great confusion. More than one hundred of them drowned.

We recovered four hundred cattle at the river, killed fifty rebels, and captured over four hundred. Our loss was thirty-five killed, wounded and missing.

A rebel surgeon, after the fight, under a flag of truce, was searching for Pegram. General Burnside and staff are now at Lexington.

From the Lower Mississippi.

CINCINNATI, April 3.—The news from Vicksburg is not encouraging. The Steele's Bayou Expedition had returned to Young's Point, and the troops were disembarked. The work on the cut-off, opposite Vicksburg, has been abandoned; rebel cannon command two-thirds of its length.

The Commercial's Memphis despatch says, "information which can be relied on, reached here to-day of the whereabouts of the Indianola. The rebels took her to Alexandria, Louisiana, on Red River, and repaired her sufficiently to make her serviceable. Fears are entertained for the safety of the Hartford and Albatross, as the rebels have the Queen of the West, the W. H. Webb, and the Indianola—a fleet sufficient to give Admiral Farragut some trouble.

"Price and Kirby Smith are collecting the scattered forces of the enemy in Arkansas, preparatory to entering Missouri. Harris, of Tennessee, is living in Tullahoma."

A despatch from Memphis says the guerrillas who attacked the train on the Charleston Road, a few days ago, were pursued by Capt. Loomis and his company. They came up with and attacked the band, which consisted of three hundred men. The guerrillas resisted, and a skirmish ensued, in which six were wounded and twenty taken prisoners, including Captain Barrow. Five were killed. On their return the Unionists rested near a farm-house. Here they were attacked by a large force under Lieutenant Colonel Richardson. The Union men, though taken completely by surprise, rallied, and succeeded in driving off the enemy, with a loss of thirty-five killed, a large number wounded, and a great many prisoners. The Union forces had six killed and thirty-four wounded.

Pensacola Destroyed by Fire.

NEW YORK, April 3.—A letter from New Orleans says, that St. Mary's Hall, the fine hotel, and all the dwellings in Pensacola, except Mallory and Chase's, were burned down by the U. S. troops. The 15th Maine and 28th Connecticut regiments were left there on the departure of the 28th Maine regiment. The soldiers seemed to think that the entire evacuation of the place to the enemy was intended and many swore they would burn the place.

On Thursday, at noon, the fire commenced, and for three days and nights the town was filled with smoke and flames. The officers tried to stop the work of destruction, but seemed to have no influence over the men. Even the troops placed to guard property set it on fire.

Col Dyer, the commander of the post, was almost distracted, and gave orders to shoot down all persons caught in the act of incendiarism; but there was no one to execute them. Finally the long roll was beaten, and the men got into the navy yard and confined.

Arrest of Gov. Tod, of Ohio.

CINCINNATI, April 4.—The sheriff of Fairfield county yesterday arrested Gov. Tod, on the charge of kidnapping Dr. Olds, an indictment having been found against him by the grand Fairfield county. The Governor was taken before Judge Johnson, of the Supreme Court, upon a writ of *habeas corpus* and admitted to bail to appear before the Court of Common Pleas of Fairfield county, in June next.

THE LATE FIGHT AT PORT HUDSON.—The fate of the Mississippi in the recent fight at Port Hudson has been mentioned. The way in which the other vessels got through the contest is given in the New Orleans Era. It says:

As soon as the Hartford came within range of the batteries, they opened a brisk fire upon her. She returned the fire by a whole broadside, and continued pouring shot and shell into the enemy's works until she had succeeded in passing the batteries. The last seen of the Hartford, she was steaming up the river in gallant style.

The Richmond, the next ship in line of battle, followed the motions of the flagship, passed the principal batteries, and had just rounded the point, when a shot passed through her steam chest, temporarily disabling her, and compelling Commander Alden to drop down stream. Her executive officer, Lieut. Com. A. B. Cummings was standing on the bridge, encouraging and cheering the men, when a shot from the rebel batteries struck his left leg below the knee, severing it from his body and knocking him from his post. Com. Alden, who was standing beside him, was knocked from the bridge by a hammock displaced by the same shot which wounded Mr. Cummings, but fortunately sustained no injury. The loss on the Richmond was three killed and ten wounded. A Boatswain's Mate who had both legs, his right arm and left hand cut off by the explosion of a shell, as he fell to the deck, with his last breath exclaimed, in language worthy of a Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship, lads!"

The only casualties among the officers of the Richmond was that of Lieut Commander Cummings. The ship received several shots in her hull, but was only temporarily disabled.

The Genesee, which was alongside of the Richmond, being unable to stem the current with her in tow, was obliged to drop down the stream with her. She had three men slightly wounded.

The Monongahela and Kinio were next in the line of battle. Captain McKinstrey was struck from the bridge early in the action, and was carried below. The command of the vessel devolving upon Lieut. Thomas, a young and gallant officer, managed to follow the flag-ship, but from the dense smoke which enveloped the ship, the pilots were unable to keep the channel, and the ship grounded directly under fire of the principal batteries, where she remained backing her engines for twenty-five minutes. She finally succeeded in getting off through the exertions of the Kinio, which was handled in a most admirable manner, although her rudder was jammed by a shot between the rudder and stern post, rendering the vessel almost unmanageable.

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...ND NAVY.

THE MONITOR TONAWANDA.—An exterior view of the iron-clad Monitor Tonawanda, in the course of construction at our Navy Yard, affords very little idea of the strength of the ship. It is only by an inspection of the interior that the means and appliances being used to give strength to the vessel are to be seen. One of the usual modes of strengthening the hulls of wooden ships has been adopted, this is the placing of bars of iron diagonally along the entire frame, which acts as braces. Over these large timbers are being laid, which, immediately below the deck beams, will, with the five inches of plating, form a thickness of over five feet. These timbers taper off as they reach the water line and there is not much of a thickness below it. The keel is five feet through, the different timbers composing it being bolted with copper bolts, an inch and a quarter in diameter, and long enough to be headed in both ends. They are driven with a sliding weight of 250 pounds. There will be a deck on a level with the top of the keel, under which most of the ship's stores will be carried. This will leave ample headroom for the officers and seamen's quarters.

INCREASE OF OUR IRON-CLAD FLEET.—Preparations are now making to build the following iron-clad vessels at the places named, contracts having been given out since the 14th of February last:—

An iron-clad one turret steam corvette, by Miles Greenwood, of Cincinnati.

An iron-clad one turret steamer by Harrison Loring, of Boston.

An iron-clad steamer by the South Atlantic Works, Boston.

Two iron-clad one turret steamers, by other parties in Boston.

An iron clad steamer by Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Del

An iron-clad steamer by Merrick & Sons, of Philadelphia.

And the following wooden ships are to be built:—

Shawmut, a side-wheel steamer, 974 tons burthen, at Portsmouth, N. H.

Yantic, a side-wheel steamer, 593 tons burthen, at Philadelphia.

Nyack and Peoria, side-wheel steamers of 974 tons burthen, at New York.

A steam screw propeller by the naval constructor of New York.

A steam yard tug by the same.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, April 8, 1863.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.
THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TERMS:
Payable Invariably in Advance.

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to getter up of Club	15 00
Club of Eighty, and one to getter up of Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to getter up of Club	75 00

No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at 25 cts. a line per week, and as a medium for the sale and of Real Estate, Stocks, &c., and for making known the various article s of Agricultural Machinery, where sold, &c., it is probably not surpassed by any other paper in the country

☞ No subscription attended to unless accompanied with the money.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"REALITY," by "Frank," is imperfect in both measure and rhyme, and is declined.

"OLD FRIENDS ARE GONE," by S. J. C. W., we have filed for early publication.

"WHEN THE WAR IS OVER," by the same, will appear.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' MARRIAGE.

In reading the accounts of the marriage of Prince Albert, the gathering of Princes and Princesses, Dukes, Earls, Archbishops and Bishops, London illuminated by night, and the long miles of way through which passed the triumphal procession by day, the first feeling that arises in an American heart is, "why all this enthusiasm?" Here is a marriage of ceremony and State—a marriage of convenience made in obedience to the wishes of his Royal mother, by a young man who would have married any one of half a dozen girls, English, Irish or American, could he have had *his* way, within the last four or five years. What is there in all this but a new triumph of the red tape system of State—a new set of forms gone through? What has the happiness of the millions of Englishmen to do with all this? It is because the happiness of every family in England is so closely connected with this event that it occasions so much excitement.

The abominable conduct of George IV, when he was Prince of Wales, might almost any other period have occasioned a revolution. It would most probably do so now. As it was, it created a reign of immorality, and scenes in court disgusting and scandal, from which, in its effects upon all classes, the English nation never fully recovered until the long and virtuous exemplary reign of Queen Victoria gave public sentiment a better tone.

There are those still living who remember well seeing George IV, when walking in procession to be crowned, turn pale and almost faint as Queen Caroline, his wife, accompanied by Lord Brougham, demanded admittance, and that she should be crowned by the King's side as Queen consort. This was refused, without reason given and without precedent. All London had been illuminated on account of the failure of her trial. Were such scenes to occur now, a king would lose his throne, and the nation be convulsed with civil war. The trouble was that the King, while Prince of Wales, was allowed to remain unmarried too long, until his habits, as a roue, were notorious, and a marriage of State to an unpleasing and ill-mannered German princess, revolted all his feelings, and created a shocking public scandal.

No doubt Court etiquette is a very arbitrary and exacting sort of thing, but when it is managed with good sense it may also become the most natural thing in the world. In all probability the Prince of Wales will be as happy with the Princess Alexandra as he would have been with any one. He will now become at any rate sufficiently regular, steady and staid to conduct the forms of the Government discreetly. The uninterrupted succession of the crown will be hereditarily provided for, and the will now pass through life an amiable and respectable monarch, who will allow the country to govern itself in its own way, as his mother has so wisely done.

Queens have always made the best monarchs England, because they have most strictly confined themselves to their duties, and followed out the laws of precedent and State without sufficient violence of self-will to startle or shock public sentiment. Queen Elizabeth had enough of self-will, it will be said, to produce half a dozen revolutions now. But then Queen Elizabeth was meekness itself compared with her father, Henry VIII, or her sister, Queen Mary, and she had tact and decorum. The prospect at present would seem to be that Prince Albert will submit himself easily and gracefully to the machinery of State, "do the receptions," and when there is a dead-lock of parties in the House of Commons nominate some perfectly safe statesman to form a Ministry and be the real King of Parliament and the country.

It is because the marriage is a sort of *double* triumph that it really creates such enthusiasm in England. On the one hand it is the bridle and curb of State thrown over a gay young prince who is thus broken in like a wild colt, to the harness of public service. But it is also because there is in this wedding, after all, a better and more important triumph over mere routine and the hollow forms of marriage, without any share of the heart and of nature, that this marriage so pleases the people. When George, Prince of Wales, was married, it was first of all by *proxy* to a woman he had never seen, and with whom he was so disgusted when he did see her, that he almost fainted, and cried out to Lord Malmesbury that he had been betrayed. But in this case, with youth, beauty, friends, Prince Albert having seen Alexandra and been a most willing party to the match, it is to be hoped and expected that he may now settle down to the duties and realities of life.

THE BOARD OF REVENUE COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.—The Board of Revenue Commissioners have made their final report to the Legislature, in which they complain of the inequalities of taxation in the various parts of the State. In many counties, the entire State tax is less than a dollar per taxable inhabitant; in one county only forty-nine cents. Other counties pay seven times that much. A remedy for this is suggested in tax upon the estates of all decedents. The Board also recommend that the value of coal and other mineral lands be estimated by their resources as well as their products. The valuation of the property, real and personal, of the Commonwealth, as returned by the assessors, is $570,000,000, which the Board has increased to $596,000,000. A fair valuation, the Board thinks, would make the amount $1,500,000,000. In Philadelphia, the amount of moneys at interest, is set down at $12,437,381. The Board say it should be $160,000,000. A reduction of half a mill on the State tax is recommended, and a sale of the securities of the State, held by the Commonwealth, now that it can be advantageously done, and applying the proceeds to the liquidation of the principal of the public liabilities.

NAVAL ARTILLERY.—In the new forces brought into use by the present war, everything connected with them is experimental, and delay necessarily results. The action at Fort McAlister with the iron-clads, it is said, has demonstrated to artillerists that our large guns do not carry powder enough to do the execution expected of them, and that this Government has ordered cannon, which, instead of the present maximum of 35 lbs. of powder, will bear the explosion of 60, and possibly 70 lbs. A 450-pound shot, driven by 60 pounds of powder, will, it is affirmed, be the most destructive missile in Europe or America. At this time, preparations to supply such guns are in progress.

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.
REPORT OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE.

A document 64 pages, signed by B. F. Wade, Z. Chandler, W. Gooch, John Covode, G. W. Julian, M. F. Odell, Committee on the Conduct of the War, has just come to hand. It embraces the testimony of officers engaged in the campaigns before Washington, and the correspondence and despatches between President Lincoln, the Secretary of War, and Gen. McClellan, during the progress of the campaigns on the Peninsula and in Maryland and Virginia. After wading through the whole of this mass of testimony, we see in it very little which has not previously been given to the public in one form or another, and very little to alter our own or the public judgment upon those campaigns. The great error charged upon Gen. McClellan is that he did not move fast enough and improve his advantages, which were decidedly in his favor, at the beginning of the campaign. In saying this was his error, it is by no means proved that it was his fault, for there is nothing in the committee's report, as far as we can see, which shows that he had the power of moving faster, except the opinions formed since the events occurred, and the belief of President Lincoln, who seems to have been nervously anxious upon the subject, and was always advising and urging him to move upon the rebel entrenchments. It does appear, however, that Gen. McClellan continually kept the War Department apprized of the deficiency in the numbers of his army, caused by the withdrawal of McDowell's corps, under the belief of the President, that it was necessary to protect Washington—that he warned the President of the danger, and declared that the responsibility of a disaster must rest with others than himself.

In the opinion of General Bernard, Chief of Engineers, the mistakes of the campaign, or causes of the ultimate failure, were the long delay of eight months at Washington, preparing for the campaign, because "rebellion, more than any other war, demands rapid measures." In November, 1861, the army, "if not fully supplied with all the material of war," was yet about as "complete in numbers, discipline and organization as it ever became." In the winter of 1861, Gen. Bernard says, Norfolk could and should have been taken, which would have stopped the subsequent career of the Merrimac. "Successful war," says this officer, "involves something more than abstract military principles. The true question was to seize the first practicable moment to satisfy the perhaps unreasonable, but natural longing of an ambitious nation for results to justify lavish confidence." Here we have the distinct annunciation of a distinguished officer that it is a General's duty to satisfy the "unreasonable" as well as reasonable expectations of the nation—the very spirit which induced General Scott, against his own judgment and knowledge, to order the advance upon Bull Run, the first great, disaster, from which our cause has not yet recovered. General Bernard gives it as his opinion now, "against any professional opinion to the contrary" by him, that Yorktown should have been assaulted and not been besieged. That the rebel army, on evacuating Yorktown, should have been pursued by the whole army, and that the battle of Williamsburg, fought without previous reconnoitering, "was a blunder," which seems very likely to a calm and dispassionate mind surveying the facts as they are now presented. He also says, that on leaving Williamsburg the army should have crossed the Chickahominy, which would have given a united army and the co-operation of the navy, and Richmond probably would have fallen in two weeks, though he is candid enough to mention the causes which did determine the route of the army. The route taken, two weeks should not have been consumed in traversing the forty miles from Williamsburg to Bottom's Bridge, which latter should have been immediately turned and seized. The repulse of the rebels at Fair Oaks should have been taken advantage of, and they followed into Richmond. Our army should have been concentrated on the right bank of the Chickahominy on the night of the 26th of June, when the assault was made on McClellan's right wing. Or had the fortified lines been held by 20 000 men, we should have fought the enemy with 80,000 instead of 27,000 men.

All these seem to be proper criticism from a professional mind competent to judge. They indicate mistakes in the management of the campaign, which are incident to every campaign; but it must be remembered that these conclusions are based upon facts and circumstances now fully developed, but which were then either unknown or imperfectly conjectured at the time of execution. They impeach the judgment or military comprehension and skill of the commanding general only so far as the course he pursued was in opposition to such conclusions previously expressed. But it nowhere appears in the testimony that the commanding general was not supported in his own conclusions by all the generals who formed his council. Delay is undoubtedly a great disappointer of victory, but there is not a general in the field who has not been subjected to delays as long as those of General McClellan on the Peninsula. Halleck with a formidable army lay months before Corinth, not daring to attack Beauregard, who retired precisely as the rebels did at Yorktown. Buel consumed months in apparent idleness before the foe. Rosecrans, who succeeded him, has not moved since his battle with Bragg at the first of the year. Hooker has been held immovable for three months past, and Grant has been for a year trying to take Vicksburg, and has made several failures, the last probably the worst of all, considering the labor expended and the men who have been sacrificed by disease. The inference from this is that delay is incident to the character of the country and the enormous physical difficulties to be overcome, and not a proof at all times of the incompetency of a commander or his unwillingness to encounter the foe. General McClellan in his brief Maryland campaign, ending with the victory at Antietam, proved that he could move with celerity, and could successfully and rapidly manœuvre a large army. While the memory of this distinguished service remains engraven upon the minds of the people of the United States, we do not think McClellan's military reputation will suffer much from the "damaging disclosures" of the report of a "Committee of Investigation into the Conduct of the War."

THE EXPEDITION A FAILURE.—Com. Porter's expedition to reach the rear of Vicksburg by the Sunflower river into the Yazoo has proved to be a failure. The expedition got nearly as far as the Sunflower, when it was assailed by sharpshooters. The dangers of the enterprise may be best inferred from the fact that the rebels cut down trees both front and rear, and hemmed the boats in, so that it is likely that they would have been captured, had not reinforcements of infantry came to their relief. The rebels boasted in advance that this and the Tallahatchie expedition would in all probability fall into a trap, and their boasts can now be being realized in the case of the Sunflower expedition. What success the Tallahatchie expedition has met with since it has been reinforced by Quimby's command has not yet been learned. That the attack on Fort Pemberton has been renewed seems probable, from the rebel reports of a bombardment at that place of a later date than the first attack. The difficulties of the undertaking are, however, too great to allow any very sanguine expectations to be entertained of its success.

AMUSEMENTS.

The *Academy of Music* opened for an Italian Opera season on Monday evening, under the management of Mr. Grau. The company consists of M'me Lorini, prima donna, M'lle Cordier, M'lle Morensi, Miss Kellogg, Brignoli, Susini, Morensi and Amodio. "Linda" was the opening opera, and drew a good house. Miss Kellogg, it is said, is positively to go to London, as one of Mr. Mapleson's *prime donne*, and there to open at her Majesty's Theatre, in the role of Linda. She performed the part here to admiration. On Tuesday evening "Ernani" was given, to be followed with "La Jolive" "Poliuto," "Moses in Egypt," "Roberto Il Diavolo," "Don Giovanni," and "Dinorah."

This week is announced as the last week of Mr. Forrest's engagement at the *Chesnut* Street Theatre for the present. His audiences the past week were highly increased. On his off nights Mr. Bandmann, a German tragedian, played to very fair houses, and to a divided sentiment as to his merits as a performer. Miss Bateman is announced as the next star at this house, her engagement commencing on Monday evening, the 13th instant, in the new play of "Leah, The Forsaken."

At the *Arch* Street Theatre, Miss Mary Provost continues her engagement throughout the present week. She opened the week with the ever popular "Peg Woffington."

At the *Walnut*, J. S. Clarke succeeds Mr. Setchell, and, as he is announced for every night during the week, a week of crowded houses may be set down as pretty certain.

Whittaker's Circus, on Market street, continues the scene of unusual excitement, to witness the Zampillareostation, or Flying Trapeze, by the intrepid gymnast, William R. Smith. This is the act in which William Hanlon and Young America created such an excitement at the Academy of Music some time ago. The present is announced as the last week of the season.

The *Carncross and Dixey Troupe* of performers at the Eleventh Street Opera House are attracting full houses. The singing and other performances common at that description of entertainments are all of the best order.

Signor Blitz announces this as his last week's performance here for the present. This will be sorry news to the thousands who weekly feel a good, hearty laugh essential to health. The Signor means to take a turn among his friends in the country, and, during the summer, will add some new tricks, and open in the fall as good as new.

☞ Admit no guest into your soul that the faithful watchdog in your bosom barks at.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Madge; or, Night and Morning. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard.

This is an English story, and embodies some most touching incidents in English life. The opening sketch of "The Pauper's Funeral" cannot fail to touch the dullest sensibilities. Poor little "Madge" was a child, and the only daughter of a fond mother, who, the wife of a drunken husband, had died a pauper, her little offspring falling very naturally into the hands of the heartless overseer, who gradually passes through all the various trials from a bound girl up to maturity. The story is conveniently broken into sketches, and is drawn with a painful truthfulness to nature, through which the author has interwoven with the most pleasing simplicity a pathos that is as touching as it will be found improving to the best moral. The fact of the story being a reprint, and issued in a handsomely bound volume by such publishers as Appleton & Co., are *prima facie* evidence of its possessing more than ordinary excellence.

The Scarlet Flower; or, the Token of Love, Faith and Death. By Pierce Egan. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

The authoress of this story has made some reputation in the field of romance, having given to the readers of fiction, "The Flower of the Flock," "Love me, Leave me Not," "The Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "The Marble Heart," and some other stories of like merit. This last, "The Scarlet Flower," is said to be her best. It is issued in cheap form

On the Origin of Species. By Thomas H. Huxley, F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: W. P. Hazard.

This volume is made up of six carefully prepared lectures, presenting and illustrating: first, The Present Condition of Organic Nature; second, the Past Condition of Organic nature; third, the Method by which the Causes of the Present and Past Condition of Organic Nature are to be discovered—the orgination of living beings; fourth, the Perpetuation of Living Beings; fifth, the Conditions of Existence as Affecting the Perpetuation of Living Beings; and, sixth, a Critical Review of Mr. Darwin's work on the Origin of Species. These lectures are all models of their class, and are full of interest and information.

MAN'S CRY AND GOD'S GRACIOUS ANSWER, is the title of a neatly issued little work by Rev. B. Franklin, and is intended as a contribution toward the "defence of the faith." The argument is addressed to common human consciousness, and takes position not only within the limits of revelation but of our common human nature.

THE TAX-PAYER'S MANUAL, containing the Direct and Excise Taxes, with the recent amendments by Congress, with marginal references, and an analytical index, has just been published by the Appletons, New York, and is for sale in this city by W. P. Hazard.

NEWS AND NOTINGS OF THE WEEK.

☞ A man's boots and shoes get tight by imbibing water, but the man doesn't.

☞ Michigan is now paying fifty dollars for recruits.

☞ All the steamboats at Cincinnati are being pressed into the service of the Government.

☞ This week the banks will probably gain both coin and deposits; but they have hard work to keep up their loans.

☞ General Casey is hurrying up his book of tactics ordered by the War Department for the American soldiers of African descent.

☞ Governor Holbrook, of Vermont, has recommended that the 8th of April be observed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

☞ Constant motion is a great law of nature, nothing being stationary—except pen, ink and paper.

☞ A neat card of stamp duties under the amended act of March 3, 1863, has been issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and seems to be comprehensive and correct.

☞ Mr. John Van Buren said, a few years ago, to one of his Democratic friends: "My dear fellow, you have no idea how awkward a man feels outside the democratic party."

☞ Brigham Young, in a lecture to his people at Salt Lake, makes the business suggestion, that: "The tons of bones lying bleached at present above ground are just the thing to make buttons of!"

☞ The California and Oregon Senators and Representatives will all leave New York in the California steamer on Wednesday. Senator Harding, of Oregon, left for New York a few evenings since.

☞ A woman who marries a man from 35 to 45 years of age thereby exempting him from liability to serve in the first class of conscripts is regarded as guilty of "disloyal practices."

☞ "Well, how do yeou like the looks of the varmint?" said a "south-wester" to a "down-easter," who was gazing with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a huge alligator, with wide open jaws, on the muddy banks of the Mississippi. "Wal," replied the Yankee, "he an't what yeou may call a *hansum* critter, but he has got a great deal of *openness* when he smiles!"

☞ There were 298 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 158 were adults and 140 children. There were 51 from consumption of the lungs; 20 from convulsions; 7 from diarrhœa; 5 from dropsy; 3 from disease of the brain; 17 from debility; 12 from typhoid fever; 17 from inflammation of the lungs; 3 from marasmus; 6 from scarlet fever, and 6 from small pox. Deaths and interments of soldiers in the city, 20.

☞ "Horrible, most horrible!"—The Boston Post perpetrates this, acknowledging that Punch, in his lowest decadence of wit, never said a worse thing, which is true: "Quip being asked his age, stood upon his reserved rights and refused to testify. The questioner was importunate and attempted to force a disclosure by guessing. 'About forty-two—eh?' 'No,' said Quilp, "I am reckoned courageous, but I havn't forty-*two'd*.'"

☞ Ireland is suffering horribly, and her people are not much better off than they were in the awful famine year. Were it not for our war, it is said there would be another exodus, and England would be gladdened by the spectacle of the departure of the Celts from the land of their fathers. That is what she desires, though it is not to be believed that she wishes to get rid of the Irish population through means so terrible as those that have hitherto moved it from its home.

☞ Although Mr. Seward's dinner last week was really one of welcome to Col. Romaine, the Haytien Minister, (colored,) that diplomat was out-ranked in the "handing-in" by the representative of Prussia, Russia and Great Britain. Senators Sumner, Morgan and Harris, Messrs. Chase and Blair, and several minor officials, filled the table. The Brazilian Minister intends, *on dit*, to give an evening party this week, and there is much speculation, as to whether the colored Haytien will be present.

☞ The following appears among the report of the Wisconsin Assembly proceedings on Saturday:

By Mr. Hildebrant, yesterday, to furnish Mr. Caswell a copy of the revised statutes, and to instruct the sergeant-at-arms to exclude all thieves from the Assembly Hall.

Mr. Lapham—Mr. Speaker, I wish to inquire whether that will leave us a quorum. [Laughter.]

The Speaker—The Chair is unable to say. [Renewed laughter.]

☞ An amusing little incident occurred during the late battle at Newtonia. The fight being rather hotly contested, an officer became very thirsty, and repaired to a spring near at hand to get a draught of water. Kneeling down he drank freely, without the aid of a cup. As he rose from this refreshing spring, he sat himself fair and square upon his own heels, which were armed with a pair of tremendous Mexican spurs. The instant he felt the prick of the sharp rowels, he thought the enemy were upon him and a bayonet entering his flesh. When some of his men arrived, he was bawling, at the top of his voice, "Oh, I surrender! I surrender!"

☞ A correspondent, who sends us his name, relates the following anecdote of the late Mr. Pettigrew, of Charleston. A person meeting him in the street accosted him and said:

"Will you be so kind as to direct me to the Lunatic Asylum?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Petigrew, "there it is," pointing to the East; "and there," turning and pointing to the South; "and there," pointing to the West; "and there again," pointing to the North. "You cannot possibly go amiss."

When asked an explanation of this singular direction, he said: "The whole State is a lunatic asylum, and the people are all lunatics."

Our correspondent gives the last month as the date of this conversation, but whether he is right in this or not, there are letters in this city which show beyond a question that Mr Pettigrew died as he had lived, faithful to the Union.

☞ "Perley," of the Boston Journal tells a melancholy truth when he says that, "if there is a melancholy spectacle to any one posted in Washington life, it is that of a young man who has left his pursuit or profession at home in order to come and accept a clerkship [at Washington] as a permanent occupation. For a few years all may go on swimmingly, but a government clerk gradually becomes unfitted for any other pursuit. Dependence on political favor degrades any man; indolence is no where more easily acquired than in government employ, and then—sooner or later—comes that dreaded notification: 'Sir, your services are no longer required.' Just now, over one hundred clerks are being discharged from the Census Bureau, and many of them see no prospect of obtaining a livelihood. Could their sentiments and sufferings be correctly portrayed, we should see fewer applicants for clerkships."

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

Late and Interesting from the South.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 5.—The Richmond Dispatch, on the report of the fire at Pensacola, says Mr. James Gwinat was burned to death while asleep in his house.

Aaron Burnett was committed to the military prison in Richmond, on the 2d, as a spy.

The "stirring news from the coast" which has been telegraphed from here, was contained in the Charleston Courier. It adds:

"We have not yet learned of any official returns of the engagement, but there is not a doubt but the enemy are in the direction indicated (Seabrook's Island). Different rumors are afloat as to the numbers of the enemy.

"The Confederate States steamer Natchez, which was burned at Hastleman's, on the Yazoo river had 1,500 bales of cotton upon her at the time. She was one of the best steamers in the Confederacy. The loss is heavy."

The propeller Virginia Capt. W. H. Snyder, arrived this morning from New York. The captain reports that he encountered a heavy gale. Yesterday, at 10 A. M., he passed in sight of a black steamer with three masts, the smoke stack being near the aftermast. She was aground inside of the breakers at the northwest end of Cedar Island, forty miles to the northward of Cape Henry. She looked like the steamer Diamond State. The wind was blowing heavily from the northeast at the time.

The steamboat Express has arrived from City Point with 286 prisoners of war, 43 citizen prisoners, and 14 released and exchanged officers who were captured at Hartsville, Tenn., Dec. 7th, 1862.

The wind has been blowing heavily since midnight from the north to northwest. At 3 o'clock, this afternoon, a severe snow storm set in. No boat arrived from Yorktown to-day, owing to the severity of the storm.

Reports of Rebel Suffering.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 5.—Twelve rebel cavalrymen, with their horses and equipments, arrived here to-day on the Yorktown boat. They had deserted from Wise's Legion, and came within our lines at Williamsburg, yesterday. They report that their whole company is coming in as soon as an opportunity is presented, and that destitution of food is the cause of their desertion; that the troops cannot endure the want of food and clothing much longer, and for this reason Richmond is soon to be evacuated.

The steamer State of Maine left here at noon to-day for City Point, with 600 rebel prisoners for exchange, in charge of Captain John E. Mulford.

The steam-tug Freeborn left this morning, to relieve the steamer ashore at Cedar Island. No assistance could be sent sooner, in consequence of the severity of the storm.

The Latest from Charleston—The Attack on that City.

FORTRESS MONROE, April 6.—The latest Charleston papers arrived here, acknowledge that the attack by the Union army and navy upon that city, had been commenced, but contain nothing indicating whether the movements of our forces had met with a success or a repulse.

The News from Charleston.

Up to one o'clock to-day, the Government had received no intelligence regarding affairs off Charleston, other than what has already been published from the Richmond papers of Saturday.

The War in North Carolina—A Probable Battle.

WASHINGTON, April 6.—Official information has been received here that the rebels have a large force at or near Washington, North Carolina, and the belief is expressed in the same despatch that about the 31st of March Gen. Foster was engaged in fighting them.

The War in Tennessee.

CINCINNATI, April 6.—A special despatch to the Gazette, from Cairo, states that the gunboat St. Clair, while passing Palmyra, 25 miles above Fort Donelson, convoying transports, was fired on by the rebels under Van Dorn. The third shot struck the St. Clair's steam supply pipe, rendering the boat unmanageable. She was towed to Cairo by the steamer Luminary. Two or three men were wounded. All is quiet in General Rosecrans' department.

A large number of deserters, availing themselves of the President's proclamation, are returning to their regiments.

Francis Cain, of the 18th Infantry, Elijah Jones, 6th Kentucky, and James Welsh, 4th Indiana, have been sentenced to be shot—the former for mutiny, and the two latter for desertion.

British Steamer Aries Captured.

NEW YORK, April 6.—A letter from Port Royal, dated the 31st of March, gives the particulars of the capture of the British blockade running steamer Aries, (a remarkably fast vessel), by the U. S. gunboat Stettin, Capt. Devins, on the 28th ult., while going into Bull's Bay near Charleston. She was run aground and was taken, with all her crew, including the pilot, named Adkins, formerly of the steamer Marion, a part of her cargo was destroyed by the crew. She had already made one trip to Charleston. Captain Devins says she has made thirteen knots an hour since he captured her. She arrived at New York to-day.

The U. S. steamer South Carolina had captured a schooner bound from Charleston for Nassau, with 76 bales of cotton.

The schooner Expeditious, from Nassau for Savannah, with salt, was captured by the garrison of Fort Pulaski, on March 30th, by the use of the steamer Maitland, with a six-pounder aboard.

Lieut. Col. Elwell, Chief Quartermaster of the Department of the South, had his thigh fractured by a horse falling through a bridge. Col. Fessenden is acting in his place.

Railroad Accident.

BALTIMORE, April 5.—The engine of the three o'clock train from Washington for this city ran off the track, in consequence of the sleet and snow. The five o'clock train, not perceiving the signals, ran into the last two or three cars of the first train, smashing them, killing one passenger instantly, mortally wounding another, and injuring a dozen others. No further particulars have as yet been received.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

BALTIMORE April 5.—The express train from Washington, for New York, came in collision with a train that had broken down last night, near the Calkerton viaduct, a few miles from Baltimore. One man was killed and six wounded—all employees of the road. The passengers were not injured. The train was detained three hours. Owing to the storm, the conductor did not see the signal in time to prevent the collision.

No letter from Fortress Monroe was received to day. The boat has not arrived, and probably did not pass Old Point, owing to the storm.

The Connecticut Election.

NEW LONDON, April 6.—New London gives Wm A. Buckingham, the Republican candidate for Governor, 343 majority; Colchester, 52 maj.; Waterford, 28 maj.; Windham, 249 maj.; Groton, 100 maj.; Stonington, 165 maj.; all for Buckingham.

There are heavy Union gains in all the towns yet heard from in this section of the State.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 6.—New Haven gives Seymour, Dem., for Governor, 243 maj.

Fourteen towns in New Haven county, viz.: New Haven, Orange, North Bradford, Woodbridge, Naugatuck, Hamden, North Haven, Derby, East Haven, Madison, Cheshire, Seymour, Wallingford and Meriden, give 427 majority, being a gain of 394 votes for Buckingham, Rep., over his vote in 1860, when he carried the State over Seymour by 500 majority.

DANBURY, Conn., April 6.—In this town, Buckingham, Rep., has 122 majority. In Ringwald, 161; Ridcing, 14; Bethel, 59. New Fairfield gives Seymour 44 majority: and Brookfield, 61; and Newtown, 188 majority.

NEW HAVEN, April 6.—The Union ticket, headed by Governor Buckingham, is elected by about 3000 majority.

The following Congressmen are elected:

1st District,	Henry C. Deming, Rep.
2d "	James E. English, Dem.
3d "	Augustus Brandegee, Rep.
4th "	John H. Hubbard, Rep.

The Republican ticket has elected 15 of the 21 Senators, and a large majority in the House.

NORWICH, Conn., April 6.—The Third Congressional District, comprising New London and Windham counties, as far as heard from, gives Buckingham 2200 majority.

HARTFORD, CONN., April 6.—Midnight.—The Republican candidates for Congress in the First, Third and Fourth Districts have been elected, the Democrats carrying the Second District.

Hartford county gives Buckingham (Rep.) 7999, and Seymour 7929.

Election in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, April 6.—The question of repealing the amendment to the Constitution requiring foreigners to reside within the State two years after their naturalization before voting, was decided at the poll, to-day, in the affirmative. So little interest was manifested, that the vote in the city only amounted to 996 in favor of the repeal, and 732 against it. The vote is remarkably light throughout the State.

Election in Ohio.

CINCINNATI, April 6.—The returns of the municipal election in this city to-day indicate a Union majority of from 500 to 1000.

The returns from the towns and cities of the State show Union majorities.

Municipal Election at Sandusky.

SANDUSKY, April 6.—Mr. Geirsdoff, the Union candidate for Mayor, was to-day elected by 228 majority. The entire Union ticket was elected by 160 majority—a Union gain over last October of 300 votes.

Election in Michigan.

DEEROIT, MICH., April 6.—This city gives the Democratic State ticket for Judge of the Supreme Court and Regents of the University about 700 majority.

From Aspinwall—Arrival of the Steamer Northern Light.

NEW YORK, April 4.—The steamer Northern Light arrived at this port to-day with $237,000 in treasure from California, and $13,000 from Aspinwall.

The Purser's report says the Northern Light has seized all the property belonging to the Transit Company, including the steamers on the river and lake. The Government declares that the Company have violated their contract, and in accordance with its terms their property is forfeited.

The Storm on the Lakes—Loss of Life.

CHICAGO, April 6.—Intelligence from the Eastern shore of Lake Michigan says, the schr. Farriner was capsized off New Buffalo. All hands are reported to have been lost. The crew consisted of four men. Two other persons were on board of the vessel.

The schrs. Helen, Kent and Mushroom were ashore in that vicinity.

Fire at Booneville, Mo.

ST. LOUIS, April 6.—One-half of a block of buildings, situated in the business part of Booneville, was burned on the morning of the 3d instant. The loss was between $40,000 and $50,000. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

Important Arrests at New York.

NEW YORK, April 6.—Gen. George W. Williamson, of the rebel army, was arraigned in this city on Saturday. He has been acting as a kind of rebel consul at Quebec. The prisoner was sent to Fort Lafayette. A female, named Mrs. Atwood, who accompanied him, was also arrested. Over five hundred letters were found in her trunk, including correspondence relative to the carrying of the mail between the North and South.

Arrival of the Prize Steamer Aries at New York.

NEW YORK, April 6.—The prize steamer Aries, in charge of Master Devins, arrived here this morning from Port Royal, bound to Boston. She put in short of coal. She was captured on the 28th, in Bull's Bay, thirty miles north of Charleston, by the U. S. steamer Stettin.

U. S. Legal Tender Notes.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 4.—The Supreme Court for the District of New York decided today that the United States legal tender notes were constitutional as to debts contracted before the passage of the law making such notes a legal tender. All of the four judges concurred in this decision.

Death of Assist. Secretary of War Walcott.

CHICAGO, April 6.—Information has been received here of the death, at his residence, at Akron, Ohio, on Saturday, of Christopher P. Walcott, late Assistant Secretary of War.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 6, 1863.

The joyous festival of Easter was duly celebrated on Sunday in all the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches. The collections from the congregations of the former are as usual to be devoted to the Orphan Asylums in the diocese. In some of the Episcopal Churches the floral decorations were of the most costly and elaborate character; as in Old Trinity, for instance, where lilies, azalias and laurel were displayed in gorgeous profusion on the communion table, the font, and in front of the pulpit, at a cost, it is said, of several hundred dollars. In most of the Unitarian Churches, the day was honored in the same way, and even the Dutch Reformed and other of the strictly Evangelical denominations are said to have departed on this occasion so far from usual custom as to adorn their altars with a flower or two, as an emblem of the resurrection. All of the fashionable churches were filled to overflowing, the carols, and other music of a jubilant character, being not the least of the attractions.

The apparent success of the rebel loan in England and France, together with the further depredations of the Alabama, constituted the subject of much earnest conversation in business circles yesterday. The influence of the two facts was rather depressing. Some people said they despaired of ever having the high seas rid of the pirates, and the wonder was, whether the Navy Department ever would, could or should resort to letters of marque—for the ordinary instrumentalities would not do—to drive them from the great highways of commerce. Exporters of grain and other merchandize at the same time were more shy than ever of American vessels, while English and North of Europe bottoms, of the newest class even, are in quick demand, at rates which the owners or agents may themselves fix. It is no wonder that our merchants and ship-owners, under these circumstances, feel a little sore; but as things stand just now, there would seem to be no help for it. As to the rebel loan, it ought but little surprise. England having already furnished the rebels with steamers to prey upon our commerce, further aid and comfort, in the shape of ready money, with French capitalists to help, was to be expected.

Much as such things may provoke us and wound our pride, however, men of sense perfectly well understand that there is no way to stop them, save through the influence of *military success*. And this being the everywhere recognized fact, the anxiety that we should take Charleston or Savannah, or capture Port Hudson or Vicksburg, or win some great victory somewhere, now grown more and more intense. Differ as men may as to the mode of conducting the war, upon that point, at least, there is perfect concurrence.

The storm of Saturday was one of the severest we have had in a year. The sea in the North river was terrific about midnight when the Jersey ferry-boats were obliged to suspend their trips. The European steamers laid by at Quarantine all night, but went to sea at an early hour on Sunday. News from the coast is looked for with great anxiety.

There is considerable ice in the Hudson yet, in the neighborhood of Hudson, but the steamer Isaac Newton went up Saturday, with the intention of forcing a passage—so as to enjoy the honor of being the first boat through to Albany. The Hendrick Hudson followed on Monday. The forwarders, as well as the steamboat interests, are anticipating a very active and profitable season.

The Mr. Thomas who was arrested a few days ago, on suspicion of poisoning his wife Susan, at West Hoboken, was discharged yesterday, on giving bail in the sum of $10,000. The chemical analysis of the supposed poison, found in the woman's stomach, is not yet concluded. The case excites great interest, though, it must be acknowledged, there has been thus far but little evidence warranting the conclusion that a murder has been perpetrated.

The hotel waiters who struck for higher wages on Tuesday, having carried their point, had a grand jollification last Friday evening. All the hotels that have agreed to the advance, ($20 per month,) are to be serenaded. The list embraces most of the houses in Broadway. The Courtland street establishments, which the most part, still hold out, but even they, it is said, will capitulate in the course of a day or two. The strike thus far has been conducted with due respect for law and order.

The Republicans are elated with the result of the election in Rhode Island, and are quite confident that Connecticut will go the same way. For ourselves, the Democrats allege that no effort was made on their part to make an impression on little Rhody, but that "steady habits" will be all right. As usual, there is not a little betting on the result. As the election is now at hand, the fools and their money will be soon parted.

The wife of a well-known merchant of this city, Thomas by name, doing business in Chambers street, died very suddenly at the family residence, West Hoboken, last Saturday evening. It is suspected that she was poisoned, and the husband, therefore, has been arrested to await the result of the Coroner's investigation. The evidence thus far is very satisfactory.

The week closed with a very quiet money market and without material change in rates. On call the range is from 5¼ a 6½ per cent. There is a scarcity of first-class paper, but the demand is but light. The range

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A YOUNG HERO.

BY MRS. TAMAR DAVIS.

DURING the recent battle in which the Harriet Lane was captured, the young son of Captain Wainwright, after his father had been struck down and lay bleeding, stood at the cabin door a revolver in each hand, and never ceased firing until he had expended every shot. One of his hands was disabled by a ball shattering his fingers, though not till he was separated from the corpse of his father, did his infantile soul give way, and he burst into tears:]

Amid the storm of shot and shell,
And battle's awful wreck,
While brave men all around him fell,
He stood upon the deck.
O'er dead and dying shone the flame,
Yet never blenched his face,
Nor thrilled with fear the childish frame
Of slight infantile grace.

He'd seen his gallant father fall,
And breathe away his life;
He'd seen his comrades, one and all,
Sink in the fearful strife:
Yet wilder, bloodier grew the fight,
And flew the iron hail,
And hundreds fell like leaves at night,
Before the autumn gale.

The starry flag went down at last,
Another battle lost,
With neither rigging, sail, or mast,
The shattered vessel tost
And stood alone of that band,
The gallant fearless boy,
A pistol grasping in each hand,
As if 't had been a toy.

A warrior's lofty part he'd borne,
And acted well his name,
And long shall southron matrons mourn
The sureness of his aim;
Then captured by o'erpowering force,
'Mid all terrific sounds,
He knelt beside his father's corse,
And kissed his bleeding wounds.

Wild grief his heart would not restrain,
In choking sobs gave way:
And bitter tear drops fell like rain
O'er all that face of clay.
It was not that his little hand
Was shattered by a wound,
Nor bleeding and disarmed to stand,
While foemen gathered round.

But, oh! it seemed that brave, brave blood
Had been all vainly shed,
Whose shouts of victory thrilled the flood?
What flag waved overhead!
His father gone, himself alone,
A captive near to die, [thrown.
May Heaven's high care be round him
That gallant little child.*

Salem County, N. J., 1863.

* He was only ten years old

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HINTS ON FRUIT-GROWING.

PRUNING ORCHARDS.—As a general thing, trees are placed in the ground precisely as they are received from the nursery. The great majority appear to think pruning spoils the look of the tree, and, the consequence is, they run a risk of losing the tree the first season; or if it should be sufficient vitality to maintain an existence, they are never after able to form a finely shaped tree. In removing a tree, no matter how carefully it may be done, a portion of the roots are bruised, broken or mutilated, to a greater or less extent, and, consequently, the natural balance that existed between the roots and branches is deranged, and in such a condition the tree is unable to grow. This balance must be restored by a proper pruning of the stem and branches: and the more the roots have suffered, the greater must be the reduction of the branches to bring them to a corresponding condition. The roots must be pruned by cutting off all broken and bruised ends of roots, smoothly and carefully, cutting from the under side that the cut may rest upon the soil. A standard tree should be pruned to within three or four buds of the base of each of the branches. The remaining buds, receiving all the nourishment, will push vigorously. For a pyramidal shaped head, the lower branches should be somewhat longer than those above, and the leader itself must be shortened back one half or more. A strong, straight leading shoot is indispensably necessary to a well formed tree, and to attain this it must be cut well back. It is the pruning of the tree, more than any other one thing, that distinguishes the good cultivation from the unpracticed. Where a knowledge of vegetable growth is added to intelligent practice in pruning, it is made to produce the most varied and satisfactory results. And certainly deserves the careful consideration of every person growing trees.

PLANTING.—When the soil has been properly prepared the season previous, planting is comparatively a simple matter. The holes should be dug rather broader and deeper than the roots extend. Two persons are required to plant a tree properly, one to hold it upright, and the other to spread out the roots and put in the soil with the hands, bringing it firmly in contact with all the roots, so as to leave no open spaces among or under them. The upper roots should be held back by the person who holds the tree until the lower ones are covered. Avoid putting any fresh manure in the holes, or in contact with the roots. As the filling in proceeds, the soil may be gently pressed with the foot to settle the soil about the roots, and to prevent the tree from shaking in the soil. Guard against planting *too deep*; the trees after the ground settles, should stand in this respect as they did in the nursery, excepting dwarf trees, and they should be deep enough to cover the place of union on the stock, and *no more*. It has been said by one of the most noted horticulturists of this country: "That more than half the losses in planting trees in America arises from planting too deep and crowding the earth too tightly about the roots. After the holes are filled, *mulch the trees* by throwing around it, as far as the roots extend, or a little beyond, five or six inches deep, of rough manure or litter. This mulching will protect the tree from drouth, prevents the ground from baking or cracking, and maintains an even temperature about the roots. Frequent stirring of the soil by the cultivator or hoe in the summer has a similar, though better effect, and is more promotive of luxuriance. Stirring makes the ground sweet, and open to the atmosphere. During the day, the mellow soil takes in the warmth freely, and transmits it to the most distant roots, securing to them that which is so essential to their vigorous growth. In the evening when the temperature of the air falls, a reaction takes place, and the heat is thrown off as rapidly as it was received, the soil soon becoming colder than the atmosphere. This causes the vapor in the surrounding air to condense and deposit moisture in the soil, which is again speedily transmitted to the roots. Thus Cobbet says, "A man will raise more moisture with a hoe or spade in a day, than he can pour on the earth out of a watering pot in a month."

AFTER CULTURE.—Under this head we mean such care and treatment after planting as secures to the tree an abundance of nourishment in the shape of light, heat, moisture, manure, &c. If this be not properly attended to for a few years, a profitable return can hardly be expected. However well all the previous requirements of a tree may have been met, if it is allowed to take chances amongst weeds, grass, and grain, the result will generally be a loss. It is necessary to keep the soil mellow and strictly clean to secure the best results. All sown crops of grain or grass should be carefully avoided. No crops should be grown in the young orchard that will not allow of the free use of the cultivator. After the trees come into bearing, there is no treatment so good or so profitable as a clean, mellow cultivation of the soil, with an occasional top dressing of manure in the fall, which becomes incorporated with the soil by the succeeding cultivation.

In some cases, frequent stirring of the soil may not be the best. In very rich lands high culture may promote too rank a growth, thereby rendering them unfruitful, liable to winter killing and other ills. Where this is the case, the redundancy of growth should be checked by either laying down to grass, summer pruning, or root pruning. And now that the season for transplanting is at hand, we trust that all who desire success will resolve that the trees they buy these hard times shall be well set out, and as well cared for afterwards.

March 17, 1863. ONEIDA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE CALIFORNIA GRAPE.

For many years prior to the settlement of California as a State, Europe was considered the vineyard of the world; and enjoyed, without serious competition, the monopoly of the market for this fruit, the wine made from it being an important export, and great source of wealth and industry to the people. Although there are many other grape producing districts, few attempted to rival Southern Europe in the extensive cultivation of grapes, as but few produced a kind of the proper quality for making wine. Grapes may be cultivated in almost any country of a temperate climate, and, in their natural state, are a delicious esculent; but no district proved so well adapted, on account of the invariable temperature of the climate, as Southern Europe, for the extensive cultivation of grapes for purposes of manufacture. When, however, the resources of California became known, and its agricultural capacity tested, it was discovered to possess in some respects advantages superior even to Spain and Portugal.

The grape producing district of California has been estimated to extend from lat. 32 deg. 30 min. to 41 min., a distance of about 595 miles from north to south, with an average breadth of 100 miles from east to west. This vast plain is divided into several districts, each differing in its soil and geological position, and each consequently differing in regard to the amount and quality of its productions. The district of Los Angeles is a flat and open plain, bounded on the east by a mountainous ridge, and extends to the Pacific. Sonora, Napa and Santa Clara districts, lie in flat, narrow valleys, shut in by the steep and rigid coast mountains; the soil of the former of these districts is deep, light, warm and sandy; and those of the latter near the foot of the mountains, are a species of red gravelly clay, but in the centre of the valleys it is a light and rather rich loam. The district of Sacramento is a flat valley, about half-way between the mountain ranges, which are fifty miles apart; its soil is a gravelly loam, partaking somewhat of the character of the last named. The district of Sierra Nevada consists of small dales in the west slopes of the coast ridge, and principally in the highest mountains; and its soil, as might be expected, is a sort of gravelly clay. The casual observer would hardly believe upon seeing the land from which this fruit is cultivated, that it was capable of producing anything; and the traveller is often surprised to find such luxuriant gardens in the generally barren and desolate region of California. In California, as in other places, it will be found that the geographical location of the vineyard determines the quality of the wine; thus, Sonora being the most northerly of the districts, produces a light wine similar to claret, while the wine produced in Los Angelos is stronger, and not unlike port and sherry, on account of the district being more southerly situated. The native California grape grows exclusively in Los Angelos, and is a hardy, healthy, long-lived and productive fruit, but unsuited for making wine alone on account of its lack of fruitiness, which is an essential to good wine. This led, in about 1852 or 1853, to the extensive importation of foreign kinds, amounting to over 200 varieties, and embracing a representative of every district on the globe,—these have since flourished so well, retaining all the desirable properties of the former growth, that it is not at all unlikely that they will eventually drive the native out of the market; although for a table luxury, it will never cease to be cultivated.

The advantages California possesses over other districts for the cultivation of grapes, are its remarkable productiveness as compared with other countries. For while in France and Germany the crop rarely exceeds 6000 pounds per acre, in California it is never less than 12,000 pounds, and in some instances, has been known to yield as many as 20,000 pounds to one acre. The bugs and insects which prove so disastrous to the European vines, have not shown any disposition to molest the California grape vine, although their ravages are felt in other fruits. The labor to cultivate is much less in California than in Europe, owing to the vine being of a stronger natural growth, and not requiring to be pruned to a stick which has continually to be renewed. The immense saving of labor involved in this may be easily estimated when it is known that in one acre of ground there are 100 vines, each of which, in the European vineyard, is tied to a stick four feet in length, which has to be replaced every year. The California grape vine needs no support, being sufficiently strong to maintain itself. But the greatest advantage of all is the salubrious and invariable climate, which, in addition to assisting the growth of the fruit, and being the grand secret of its abundant supply, enables fermentation to be carried on without the aid of fires, which are necessary in the European countries where the winters are more severe, which is a great benefit, as an even temperature is a most necessary requisite to fermentation. After remunerating the many advantages, we must mention the few disadvantages grape culture in California contends against, the greatest of which is, perhaps, the high price demanded for labor, it being three times higher than in Ohio, and more than five times the amount paid in Europe. This, of course, is a benefit to the employee, and a great inducement for emigration, as the demand is constantly increasing, and the prevailing ignorance of the correct mode of culture forms another disadvantage under which they labor, and at the same time another inducement for skilled agriculturists to emigrate. With a few hints on the mode of planting and culture, we take leave of our subject.

There are two methods of planting—with rooted vines and with cuttings. In planting cuttings, get them always in January or February, at the annual pruning, selecting those of about thirty inches in length. These should be planted from six to eight feet apart, which admits about 100 to an acre. They should be planted about two feet deep, leaving a few inches above ground. The holes can be made with a crowbar or other instrument. The first year you will have nothing to do beyond occasionally hoeing and keeping the ground free from weeds, and if the soil is very dry, occasionally irrigating. Cut the shoots and twigs off each year as they appear until the fourth year, when, selecting the strongest shoot for your stalk, place a small stake beside it and tie it thereto. As it grows older it will soon require no support, and will commence bearing. Each successive year it will become more prolific, until it begins to feel the weakness of decay. It is needless to add, in conclusion, that grape culture has proved one of the most highly remunerative, and pleasant of agricultural pursuits, and we have every reason to hope the manufacture and export of wine is destined at no distant day to become one of the greatest sources of revenue to California. In continuation of this subject, we may give shortly the manufacture of wine, it being usually carried on in connection with the culture of the grape. CALIFORNIAN.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE FOOD AND GROWTH OF PLANTS.

It has been said, and very truly, that the farmer is a co-worker with God. In the growing and planting of crops of all kinds, he is truly such a co-worker with Deity, for while man does a part in preparing the soil, sowing the seed, furnishing plant food or manures, destroying weeds, and so forth, God does much more in furnishing the seed, filling the soil and the air with the elements needed for the growth of crops, causing His sun to shine, and His rain to descend, and bestowing on every plant the vital powers which enable it to gather whatever is needed for its growth, either from the soil in which it stands, or from the atmosphere which surrounds it. All this it does, and more; while, at the same time, He has left something for man to do in bringing plants to maturity, and to such a degree of perfection and abundance as to prove sufficient to supply the wants of man and beast. God has thus, as it were, taken the farmer into partnership with Himself in the great business of providing food for man and beast. What dignity it would give to our occupation, and even to our daily drudgery, if we would but recognize and remember this great honor and privilege bestowed on us; that, namely, of being co-partners and co-workers with God! And with such views of our relations to the great grower of crops and provider of food, who could fail to feel some interest to learn something concerning that portion of the work of crop-growing which He himself performs, and concerning all the processes and changes which occur between the dropping of a tiny seed into the earth, and its having become a large and mature plant, many hundred times larger than the seed, and bearing innumerable new seeds for the sustenance of man and beast, and for starting other crops and harvests in other years. With the hope that such an interest to become acquainted with this portion of God's ways is felt more or less by us all, I proceed to make a brief statement of what he has done in providing for the growth of those plants on which depend the existence of man and other animals.

First of all, then, let us consider some of the facts which indicate that the Great Cropgrower intended to give plants a pretty good start into being. Every one has noticed, doubtless, that some seeds, as those of our Indian corn for example, contain something more beside the chit or grm, which is the embryo of a new plant; a few need to be told that all that is found in a seed beside the germ consists of a supply of food for the young plant until it has time to throw out roots and leaves wherewith to draw nourishment from the soil and the atmosphere. Now every well-matured seed contains not only a germ or embryo of a new plant, but also a supply of food sufficient for the purpose just named. This supply of food for the infancy of plants is nicely packed up in contact with the germ, and safely encased in a husk, shell, or other covering, by which it is secured from harm or change until needed for the use of the young embryo.

Such is the provision made for feeding plants in the *very first* stage of their growth. As soon as their rootlets run out into the soil, and as soon as the leaves are thrown out into the air, there is new material provided for them to live upon. There is a supply for all the millions and millions of plants which grow on every farm, and all the world, both in the air and in the soil. In other words, there is atmospheric food and saline or mineral food, provided in abundance for all plants. As carbon is the most important portion of the food of plants, and as it is present in every vegetable or plant-substance, and constitutes about 50 per cent., or one half of the entire weight of the total solid matter in plants, let us give some attention to this element first. Plants derive their carbon both from the air and from the soil, or both by their leaves or their roots. It is furnished to them in the form of carbonic acid, which is always present in the air, as may be made evident at any time by exposing a saucer, or dish of any kind, containing clear lime-water to the air, when the carbonic acid in the air will combine with the lime, and form a white film or scum upon the surface. This carbonic acid is a gas, and not perceptible to the senses; and though constituting only one part in every twenty-five hunered parts of the atmosphere, the supply is sufficient for the purpose of feeding all the vegetation of the globe. And although about one-half of all the vegetable matter in the world is derived from carbonic acid, and a daily new supply needed to sustain the growth of plants, yet its proportion in the atmosphere is constantly about the same. The supply is kept up by combustion, by decay of vegetable matter, and by the respiration of animals, and thus every fire, every lamp, every decaying vegetable substance, and every breathing animal contributes a share towards this ever-needed and never-exhausted food of plants. We take into our systems a quantity of carbon every day in the vegetable food we eat. This gets into the blood, and by respiration or breathing this carbon in the blood is united with the oxygen of the air drawn into the lungs, forming carbonic acid, which is thrown out with every breath. By all these means, that is by the combustion, fermentation, putrefaction and decay of vegetable matter, and by the respiration of animals, God has provided for a constant supply of food for every year's new supply of vegetable matter all over the globe. This carbonic acid, thus abundantly supplied, is decomposed by the leaves of plants, and its carbon wrought into their solid texture, while the oxygen is set free and goes back again into the atmosphere for the respiration of animals, and other uses. Thus, by a wise and admirable arrangement, plants and animals are made to contribute to each other's benefit, the animals furnishing carbonic acid as food for the plants, and the plants purifying the air and making it fit for decarbonizing and invigorating the blood of all animals that breathe.

Thus we have taken a brief glimpse of the wonderful and wise ways of the Great Husbandman. Even such a glance at a small part of His ways fills the heart with adoring wonder and delight! But not the half has yet been told of what God does for the growth of crops. The narrative may be resumed, therefore, on a future occasion. DANA.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SORGHUM CULTURE.

As many of the readers of your valuable paper may be interested in the growing of Chinese Sugar Cane, I will give my experience in its cultivation for two years past. The ground should be plowed and thoroughly harrowed as fine as possible. Plant three feet and a half apart each way; plant as early as the season will bear it. I planted the first of May last year. Drop from ten to fifteen seed in a hill, and cover half an inch deep with fine dirt; thin out to five or eight in a hill. The seed should be soaked by pouring warm water over it some twenty-four hours before planting. The best soil for sorghum is clay mixed with sand or lime, the stronger without manure the better. I tried manure as a top dressing last season, and find it does not do. The quantity of syrup that can be made from an acre is from 100 to 300 gallons. The season was rather dry last year in this part of the country, and the crop did not turn out so well, but the quality of syrup was very fine when made well. I commence stripping off the blades as soon as the seed turns black, then cut off from two to three feet of the top, and cut the stalk off as close to the ground as possible, then haul it to the mill as I make it. The best apparatus for making syrup that I have seen and used is C. Jacobs' Patent Evaporator, manufactured in Columbus, Ohio. It is a simple pan, the sides made of wood, four inches deep, with sheet iron bottom, with wood slats or edges extending across the pan and let into the sides with grooves; they can be removed at any time when the pan needs cleaning. The pan is set on a furnace of brick, perfectly level. The juice is let in from a tank at one end of the pan, and runs under the slats or ledges. The skimming is done between the slats, the slats preventing the scum from running to the far end. The shallower the better in boiling, only be careful to have the bottom covered, as a very rapid evaporation is necessary to make good syrup. When it has run through this pan, it is thoroughly defecated. It is then put in another pan and finished, which is in a few minutes. As soon as finished, the pan is taken from the fire and the syrup run out, which avoids all danger of burning it. I attended the Sorghum Convention held in Columbus, Ohio, January 7th, 1863, and of all the samples exhibited there, none were as fine as that made on this apparatus. I can sell my syrup for 50 cents per gallon by the barrel, when others can get only 35 and 40 cents. Therefore, it would be saving money to purchase a good apparatus, that will cost no more than a poor one. M. D. C.

Locust Grove, Muskingum Co., Ohio, March 11.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CHLORIDE OF SODIUM.

In looking over the columns of the "Dollar Newspaper" devoted to agriculture, I noticed an able article on the properties and uses of chloride of sodium (common salt), which, as far as it goes, is very interesting and true. But aside from its action in restoring the blood globules to their normal form and condition, as shown by that author, salt is held by physicians to be a tonic. Stimulant, styptic, vermifuge, and its antiseptic properties, are well known. Dissolved in good brandy, it is an excellent wash for sore throat and all kinds of ulcers, also to disperse scrofulous swelling, tumors, weas, &c. As a styptic, it is found to be valuable to stop internal bleeding if given by the teaspoonful frequently; and it may be used externally to stop the flow from a wound. Taken freely with the food, it promotes digestion, strengthens the stomach and bowels, and corrects that morbid condition which favors the propagation of worms. To these pests it appears to be particularly obnoxious, while it excites the digestive organs to a healthy and vigorous action. The quantity used whilst attending to fever case, should be considerably increased, and as far as human beings are concerned, candies and sweet food should be avoided as well as the use of much vegetables.

The diet should be nourishing. Children should be taught to make a free use of salt at every meal. Salt, as a vermifuge, may be taken from a half to two ounces, sufficient to purge, dissolved in water, and taken fasting. It may be repeated two or three times, if necessary, increasing the dose each time. It is said that the celebrated Dr. Rush had a wonderful vermifuge which, from its simplicity and fearing it might be despised if known, he concealed. It was nothing but a strong solution of salt colored with cochineal to disguise it. My experience with salt on the lower animals shows that its action on them is very similar to that on man, and I have an idea that if farmers would feed their horses with more salt they would not be troubled so much with bots; but too often they neglect this grand *preventative* until it must be used as a cure. It is then in many instances mixed with wood ashes (a bad remedy), and administered without a thought whether the combination will kill or cure. CHAMUR.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

APPLE TREES.

The season will soon arrive when the trees will be putting forth their leaves. At that tender age the leaves of our fruit trees are devoured by a host of enemies of the insect tribe, with a will that threatens destruction to the tree and the loss of the fruit crop, which is a serious loss to the farmer and fruit grower. Then, in order to avoid this as much as possible, let all that have young fruit trees bestir themselves immediately, and do all they can to prevent it. By examining your apple trees you will find—unless your trees are uncommonly thrifty—millions of small, dark-colored scales attached to the bark of the tree, like barnacles to a ship; each one of these contains a small insect that lives upon the sap or juice of the bark, the very life of the tree, and the great number of them at work at the same time soon robs the tree of its vitality. When they are at work on the bark other insects are at work on the leaves, and the tree has as much chance to live as a sheep surrounded by a pack of wolves. A very simple and cheap remedy for these enemies of the apple tree is, to take a piece of leather (old boots will do as well as the best) and cut it so as to tie around the trunk of the tree, just below a fork, in a conical or funnel shape, but not so tight as to injure the tree or prevent its growth; fasten it around both limbs of the fork, so as not to drop down, then put into it a piece of soap, and when it rains your work is going on. The soapy water will run down the tree and spread death to all below. Your trees will improve and look so thrifty, that, I will warrant, you will never regret the trouble, or let your young trees go without the soap-cup in their branches. S.

Warwick, Pa., 1863.

BEEF SCRAPS AND MEAL FOR HOGS.

A writer in the Boston Cultivator feeds swine as follows. He says:—"I feed principally on beef and pork scraps with such other swill as is usually made on a farm. Take six pounds of beef scraps, at a cost of nine cents, boiled in two pails of water, scald in two quarts of corn-cob meal at a cost of three cents, add six pails of water, and you have good swill enough to feed six store hogs and eight small shoats on, at an expense of twenty-four cents. This done twice each day is sufficient to keep breeding sows or store pigs in good condition. This is the exact quantity I am feeding to the number of hogs mentioned."

When he begins to fatten he thickens this feed to a dough, with corn and cob meal, and recently slaughtered two hogs sixteen months old, weighing over 500 lbs. each. He likes best the Mackay breed, long, large-framed, small-boned, and fine-meated.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

FROST COUNTERACTED.—As the blossoms of fruit trees are more particularly affected by early frosts, the following plan will be very useful to save fruit, especially in the more northern climates: Take a rope about thirty feet long and wind it in among the branches, and let one end of it be immersed in a pail of water. The rope will act as a conductor and convey all the frost into the water. If a rope cannot be obtained, make a rope out of twisted straw, which will answer as well. G. B.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR A FELON.—Soak the parts affected, as soon as it becomes painful, in white lye fifteen minutes, or more; then blister it with common blistering salve, and apply the same three days in succession. I have known this to cure in every instance where it has been applied. A. F. H.

SHADOWS

All things earthly vanish and pass—
Vanish as hues of the morn;
All pass away as the glimmer of day,
While others as fleet are born.
Hush! hush! thou, too, must fall
Under the coffin shroud:
Stay! stay! thy funeral pall
Is imaged in yonder cloud!
All things vanish and pass away,
Like shadows that flit at the close of day.

The flowers that bloom in the azure deeps—
The golden stars—must fall;
There is ever a time they cease to climb
O'er the steeps of heaven's blue wall.
Hush! hush! one now goes down
Into the soundless sea;
Fleet, fleet, as that star hath flown,
Are the days of thy destiny!
Like Autumn's shadow, or evening's sigh,
Each star of darkness but gleams to die.

The blossoms that shine in the fields of Spring,
Like jewels sown in the grass,
Have a fate like stars which their glory fling,
And bloom but to wither and pass.
Look! look! as the leaves grow white,
And buds but wither and fade,
The flowers which glimmered in Spring so bright
Have perished in Autumn's shade,
As the voice of the sick when they sink to die,
So feeble and faint do the blossoms lie!

Look down on the infant, whose laughing eyes
Seem mirrors of heavenly bliss;
Look down at him now, as he sickens and dies
'Neath the breath of a parent's kiss!
Hush! hush! we are hastening fast
O'er ripples of Time's dark wave;
And, ere we arrive where our hopes are cast,
We are deep in the silent grave;
So pause and consider, nor tread so fast;
The moment which follows may be—your last!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

The Processions—The Crowds—The Royal Parties—The Chapel—The Ceremony.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

LONDON, March 11, 1863.

The journals will give you the details of the great event which has set all England agape, and I shall confine myself to a selection from them of the leading incidents. Let me begin at the beginning, then, by saying that the Princess Alexandra arrived at Gravesend on Saturday, the 7th of March.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCESS.

The Prince of Wales was there, with an escort to receive her, and went on board of the vessel as soon as she had anchored. Every eye was strained, of course, to catch a glimpse of the meeting of the royal couple. The Princess Alexandra awaited at the door of the state cabin the arrival of her affianced. The Prince's face was slightly flushed as he passed under the gaze of hundreds of bright eyes of ladies who were ranged on either side of the pier, and who gave him a welcome. With quick, almost impatient step, the Prince proceeded to the door of the cabin, and then taking his bride by the hand and holding her hands in his, he kissed her with all the fervor and heartiness of a youthful lover. This natural and wholly unaffected mode of salutation was seen by hundreds; the "one touch of nature" made prince and people kin; and the hundreds who witnessed it cheered more lustily than ever, and some stalwart voices cried "Bravo." The women whispered the little fact from one to the other, for they felt that the rule with respect to kissing and telling did not apply to this case, and that they approved of it, thought it highly proper, and such as under similar circumstances they would themselves expect, was evident from the waving of handkerchiefs that followed. The Prince was introduced to the father, mother and sisters of the bride, and the illustrious party proceeded below to take some refreshments.

THE SCENE AT GRAVESEND.

After the party came from the cabin they went on deck to see the crowds and the decorations. It was a magnificent sight. The piers were splendidly festooned with hundreds of flags, and tall masts, around which ran wreaths of laurel, surmounted with streamers. On either side of the carriage-way of the pier bowers of evergreens were erected, each of which was filled by elegantly dressed ladies. One remarkable feature was a number of large cornucopias, which were placed between each of the bowers, from which sprang angels, holding out a bridal wreath of white roses. Another extremely pretty effect was produced by the sixty young ladies selected to attend in the pier, and strew flowers in the path of the Prince and Princess. They were each dressed in white tartatan (two skirts and six flounces), trimmed with white rosettes of Coventry ribbon, and bordered with lace at the neck; a red Danish colored Bernous cloak, with white silk trimmings and tassels, and a rather coquettish-looking straw hat, encircled with a wreath of oak leaves and acorns. Amidst the thunder of the ships of war and the guns of Tilbury Fort, Princess Alexandra landed from the royal yacht.

THE ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

Of the journey by rail and the demonstrations along the way, of the addresses by Mayors and Mayoresses at every stopping place, of the reception of the Princess by the Duke of Cambridge and Sir George Gray at the station, and of the multitudes assembled to catch a glimpse of the party, I say nothing; but of the procession through London, it is to be said that, for the want of proper arrangements, it was the most disorderly and mobbish affair ever got up. In New York you can get a half million of people together and manage them easily, but the stupid officials of this metropolis same near allowing the distinguished objects of the festival to be crushed to death. At the Mansion House, which was brilliantly adorned throughout, the crush of the throng became so tremendous as to sweep everything before it, and for a time the possibility of making a passage for the royal maiden appeared to be almost hopeless. By dint, however, of some smart blows on the part of the police, and some persuasive visitations from the flat side of the sword on the part of the few hussars who were stationed in that locality, the throng was at length forced back far enough to admit of the royal carriage approaching. But though the carriage did come on, it was surely in such a fashion as a royal carriage seldom moved before. In spite of every exertion of the servants and troops who accompanied it, the crowd, partly of its own eager free will, and partly by the overwhelming force and strength of the pressure behind it, was urged forward in such a manner as to threaten not only the lives of those who were foremost, but even the security of the Princess herself. For awhile there was the intensest excitement and horror, but in the end the royal party were enabled to move. Wherever they passed there was the same crowds, the same displays and decorations, and the same enthusiasm. It was late in the day before the couple reached Windsor Castle, where there was a grand illumination at night.

THE DAY OF THE MARRIAGE.

Tuesday was the day set apart for the marriage ceremony, and Windsor was alive from an early hour. Though the accommodation for London sightseers provided at Windsor was but limited—not above two thousand at the outside having admission to the castle and chapel—still the pressure on the railways was sufficient to render it necessary to provide extra express trains, and these were filled to suffocation. On reaching the southwestern station at Windsor the visiter found the quaint streets of the quiet little borough already overflowing with loyal crowds; every one, from highest to humblest, wearing some tokens of the day, from the most elaborate favors, gay with gold and silver and embroidery—the plumes of Wales and the white cross of Denmark conspicuous above all other emblems—down to penny bunches of artificial white roses, or a few inches of cheap white ribbon. The setting of these groups was in festive-keeping. The picturesque old place seemed to have burst into greenery and blossoming. The Old World houses hid their warped and wrinkled fronts under gay devices, in which evergreens did more effectively the duty for which Londoners are fain to press drugget and calico into service. Mottoes of good omen flaunted from every window or stretched across the houses in colored lamps, waiting the darkness.

THE SCENE AT THE CHAPEL.

When the chapel in the castle was opened the seats were rapidly filled by the privileged set. "The Marchioness of Carmarthen," says one reporter, "is the first peeress to arrive, and she is well qualified by her perfect beauty to bear the brunt of the numerous eyes and opera-glasses which play upon her. She is soon followed by the Countess de Grey, then the Countess of Morton and Cynosure of all eyes, the splendor of her blue silk dress and the glitter of her diamonds toned down by her clouds of costly lace) Lady Spencer. The beaches shortly filled with ladies scarcely less lovely than these worthy *avant courriers*. The Countess of Derby is for some time the solitary occupant of the Garter Stalls. She is soon followed by the Marchioness of Westminister, the Countess of Clarendon, the Countess of Shaftesbury, and the Duchess of Somerset—once the Queen of Beauty of the Eglinton tournament, now the loveliest of full-blown British matrons. The Countess of Clarendon wisely puts the time to profit by sketching the scene. More peeresses, young and old—the young sweeping in on the arms of the gentlemen ushers, and showing much management of crinoline as they insinuate themselves along avenues, and into seats planned in days of less swelling drapery; the elder ones comfortably cloaked and shawled, and bustling into their places with the air of women who know how to make themselves comfortable under all circumstances."

THE SEVERAL PROCESSIONS.

But soon they are all absorbed in an advancing column. It is the prelates and the clergy, the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, with the Bishop of Chester, the Bishop of London, the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford, in their blue robes, as prelate and chancellor, and the Dean of Windsor, in his scarlet robes, as registrar of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; and lastly, the Canons and Minor Canons of the Foundation. The surpliced, and hooded, and robed clergymen take their seats within the altar rails.

Another procession flies in (headed, this time, with the pomp of heralds in tabards stiff with quarterings), the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, well-known faces most of them, and old historic names not a few of them: Somerset and Salisbury, Westminster and Clarendon, Camden and Devonshire, Newcastle and Fitzwilliam, Carlisle and Palmerston, Wellington and Russell, Harrowby and Abercorn, Normanby and Buccleuch.

THE QUEEN AND HER PARTY.

And now there is a movement of all eyes up to the southeast corner of the chapel. There is a figure in black, in widow's weeds, in the corner of the royal closet. It needs not the broad blue ribbon of the Garter across her shoulder and the silver star of India on the breast to tell us that it is the Queen. She takes in the scene below with a quiet, dignified, unhurried look, and then eagerly watches the train which her position commands through the choir door along the nave. From the organ gallery we can catch a glance at the train as it sweeps from the west door, headed by the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, shawled and turbaned, and looking like a bird of paradise in his golden garments, which yet are distinguished by that absence of glare and tawdriness which marks the good taste of the East. Next comes a flash of uniforms—green, and blue, and white, and cherry color, starred with crachats and barred with ribbons, many-hued as to cuff and facing, but all of the severe continental cut—their Royal and Serene Highnesses of Saxe-Weimar and Leiningen, Holstein Glucksburg and Saxe-Coburg, Flanders, and Hesse-Cassel. Their Royal Hignesses William and Frederick of Denmark, brothers of the bride, handsome and manly-looking youths, are the most observed of this group; but attention soon passes from them to the royal ladies, superb in diamonds and stately sweeping trains of moire or velvet, chiefly in shades of mauve, violet and purple, and flounced or richly brocaded with lace, of which even at this distance we can distinguish the beauty and preciousness. The Princess Christine of Denmark, the young matron—fair mother of a fairer daughter—leads in either hand the young sisters of the bride of to-day, who look around them with delight at a splendor which must be almost as startling to their young minds as the magnificent popular welcome of last week.

THE ROYAL SUITE.

Heralded by drums and trumpets, whose blare and beat die away as the procession reaches the choir, to give place to the majestic jubilant harmony of Beethoven's "Triumphal March," appear a number of officers of state. Then comes the stately form and regal beauty of the Princess Mary. Her purple train is borne up by the Lady Edith Somerset. All note the grace of her inclination as she bends her head in respect to the Queen, when well within the choir. She is followed by her mother, the Duchess of Cambridge, whose train is borne by the Lady Geraldine Somerset. And then, touching all hearts, come the children of the Queen—little fair-haired Princess Beatrice, led by her graceful sisters, Princess Helena and Louisa, and little Leopold and Arthur hand in hand in Highland dress, looking about them with the happy unconstrainedness of childhood. No wonder the Queen's heart, already moved perhaps by the noble music of Beethoven, is sadly stirred at the sight of these fatherless ones, and that for the first time since she has entered her closet a visible trace of sorrow is observable on that firmly sustained face. The shadow is lighted up again by a smile of motherly greeting as the fair young Princess of Hesse advances in her yet tender and innocent beauty by the side of her husband, Prince Louis, with her train bearer and attendant, followed at as short an interval as her trailing train of purple velvet will allow, by the Princess Royal of Prussia, leading her fair-haired little son, in Highland garb, like his little English uncles. Her train of velvet, covered with magnificent lace, and bordered with ermine, is borne by the Countess of Bruhl, and the procession is concluded by the royal suite."

ENTRANCE OF THE HAPPY PAIR.

Again the notes of drums and trumpets swell into the stately sounds of the royal bands, and the organ thundering out Mendelssohn's March, from "Athalia," the youthful bridegroom enters the choir, and bows deeply to the Queen. He wears the robes of the Garter, over a general's uniform, and is supported by his brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg, who outshines all the foreign royalty and nobility of the show in his thew and sinew, in his free and gallant bearing, and in the manly beauty of his bronzed face. The Prince has taken his seat on the *haut pas*, with his supporters a little behind him. He has answered his mother's smile of recognition with a smile. As he sits, it is easy to see, by the frequent turn of his head, and his glances towards the nave, that he, like all others, is impatient for her who is to come next—the crown and flower of this array of rank and splendor. He has not long to wait. It wants a quarter to one when again the sound of drum and trumpets has passed into the nave, and a hum of expectation makes itself audible, and to the massive strains of Handel's march from "Joseph" comes the procession of the bride. Pale in her maiden modesty, under the light shade of the bridal wreath and the cloud of her white veil, her bridal nosegay of white azaleas and lilies of the valley, the Princess Alexandra movee along, and pausing, makes her respectful reverence to the queen; she takes her seat in front of the altar, and then uprises the Chorale, the composition of the Prince Consort:

"This day, with joyful heart and voice,
To Heaven be raised a nation's prayer;
Almighty Father, deign to grant
Thy blessing to the wedded pair;
So shall no clouds of sorrow dim
The sunshine of their earthly days,
But happiness, in endless round,
Shall still encompass all their ways!"

Distinguishable among all the voices of the singers is the wonderful organ of Jenny Lind.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

As the solemn chant ended the Prelates advanced to the communion rails, and the Primate commenced the service with the usual formularly, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God and in the face of this congregation, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony." There is a solemn pause after that adjuration, in which they are charged to answer if there was any impediment to their marriage, and then, after a moment, the Primate passed on to "Wilt thou, Albert Edward, have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

To this the Prince rather bowed than responded, his utterance was so indistinct. To the same question, "Wilt thou, Alexandra Caroline Maria, have this man to thy wedded husband?" the reply was just audible, but nothing more, though, as usual, every ear was strained to catch it.

But to the words—"I take thee, Alexandra, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth," the Prince repeated clearly, word for word, after his Grace, though now, again, when it was the turn of the young bride, she could be heard only to answer almost inaudibly, and her cheeks were suffused with a crimson flush, and she seemed very nervous.

To the question, "Who giveth this Woman to be married to this Man," the royal father of the bride only bowed and moved towards the Princess, who was removing her glove hurriedly. Then the Primate joined their hands, and in a clear, soft voice, firmly and deliberately repeated the words: "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." They then rose, while the Primate joined their hands